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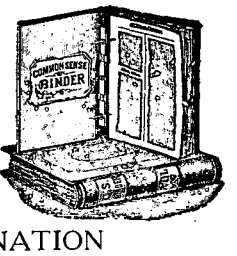

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909.

The Week.

Anything quite so humorous as Speaker Cannon's charge that Herman Ridder offered him the Presidency, on a silver platter, with the compliments of the metropolitan newspapers, if he would repeal the duty on print paper, we have not read this many a day. Mr. Ridder is an estimable and useful gentleman, whose services to the newspapers in endeavoring to obtain decent treatment from Congress were deserving of high praise. We have yet to learn, however, that he has become a candidate for Bedlam, and such he must be if he made any such offer to Mr. Cannon. Of course, he did not; his word on that point would suffice even if every probability were not on his side. Mr. Ridder has seen every newspaper in New York try to defeat a given candidate for the Mayoralty—in vain. He knows, moreover, that no one can "deliver" the newspapers of this city; it is only by accident that they ever pull together on any important proposition. But more than that, unless Mr. Ridder was suffering from a complete mental aberration, he must have known that if all the city newspapers of the country were to band together they could not elect Mr. Cannin to the Presidency.

Mr. Hearst is to be congratulated on his escape, more or less narrow, from being elected Mayor of New York, an office to which he confesses he looked forward with much apprehension as a harassing and profitless burden. Mr. Hearst is not the only man who has reason to congratulate himself. Success has a habit of lying in wait around a dark corner, sandbagging its victim, and dragging his unconscious and prostrate form unto the highest pinnacle of fortune. Happy the man who can elude her. Mr. Bryan rejoices that his triple evasion of the Presidential chair has enabled him to see more strange countries and to lecture to more American citizens than if he had been compelled to settle down in the White House. Señor Castro points out that the climate of Caracas is not fit to be mentioned with that of Northern Spain and the Riviera, and every night when he goes to bed he can't help feeling sorry for President Gomez. At Salonika, Abdul Hamid says he is positively getting fat under the peaceful régime that followed the dispersal of his harem. President Zelaya is understood to be preparing a statement in which he shows that the annual expenditures of a Chief Executive of Nicaragua regularly exceed his income. The Sugar Trust can only rejoice that it has at length been convicted of theft; the stings of conscience it experienced these twenty years were something awful.

The amusing war over the California lemon continues. Our readers will remember that the lemon-growers of that State induced Congress to put a higher tariff on foreign lemons. The neat profit they expected to get under this arrangement from the ultimate consumer was, of course, to go into their own pockets only. Their anger was unlimited, therefore, when the railways calmly thought that they ought to have the benefit of this "rake-off" and raised their freight rates so as just to equal the profit from the tariff. Promptly the growers went on the warpath. The ultimate consumer was very well as long as they alone mulcted him, but their sympathy for him when he was robbed by those scandalous railways was fairly overflowing. Unable to move the cruel transportation corporations by tears and threats, the lemon-growers have obtained a temporary injunction against three railways—the Santa Fé, the San Pedro and Los Angeles, and the Southern Pacific—forbidding them to raise their rates. Doubtless, the lemon-growers are deeply thrilled as to the success of this unusual move. But the ultimate consumer can hardly be expected to be interested. He is going to be robbed by act of Congress whether the railways or the growers do the fleecing.

The pension system established by the New York Central on its main constituent lines is another step in a direction toward which, it should appear, all our great railway corporations are tending. Its principal provisions call for the retirement of all employees at the age of seventy, with the right to a pension if the employee has been in the service of the company for ten years or more. Twenty years' continuous service entitles an employee to a pension before he has reached the age of seventy. The amount of compensation is 1 per cent. for each year of continuous service based upon the average rate of pay during the ten years preceding retirement. In the matter of age limit and rate of compensation the Central pension is the same as that already in force on the Pennsylvania Railroad. What does such a plan mean to the company and what to the pensioner? The Pennsylvania Company's annual reports show that from 1903 to 1908 it has distributed $2,370,000. From 1903 to 1906 its annual appropriation for pension purposes was $390,000. In 1907 and 1908 it was $600,000. The number of pensioners on the rolls of the company at the end of 1903 was 1,599; in 1908 it was 2,176. The average number of men retired annually has been 308, and the average number of deaths among pensioners has been 190. The retirements and the deaths, of course, are bound to increase for a long time.

The horrors of the mine disaster in Illinois are intensified by the magnificent heroism of the twelve rescuers who deliberately went to their deaths in the fiery mine in an effort to save their imprisoned fellows. This is the kind of courage which is infinitely superior to any other, since it is a voluntary and deliberate placing of one's life in the balance to save others. That such heroism exists in every walk of life is the final reply to those strenuous souls who pretend to believe that courage, manhood, and all the primal virtues would disappear if there were not occasional blood-letting by nations on sea and land. Only two weeks ago, there was a similar example of heroism at an explosion in the Barren Colliery near Bargoed, South Wales. There, too, a rescue party, headed by no less a person than the general manager of the mine, went in, the manager and two others going to their deaths. Of a subsequent body of rescuers, equally brave, three more lost their lives.

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If there is anything redeeming about the hideous lynchings at Cairo, Illinois, it is that the mob did not draw the color line. The breakdown of government was complete; the mob was left undisturbed in its career. It made a mockery of religion by letting one of its victims pray publicly and then promptly violating more than one of the Commandments. Gradually, Illinois is acquiring the name of a great lynching State, and for this the failure of justice is alone to blame. Nobody was punished for the riots and murders at Springfield, the sole excuse of which was the false charge of an abandoned woman; and of this fact the mob in Cairo was doubtless aware. That women, too, should have assisted in the lynchings shows how far the demoralization has gone. It is impossible to believe that such horrible wrongs to individuals and to society as are perpetrated by these mobs can go unpunished.

The death of a University of Virginia student, murdered in a mass play in Saturday's football game between his institution and Georgetown University, is the chief feature of the week-end list of casualties reported in the press. This victim was killed in virtually the same way as Cadet Byrne—he was unfortunate enough to fall at the bottom of the heap. If college presidents will not act, save to hide behind athletic committees and less responsible rules committees, it is time for public opinion to exert itself again. A few years ago it stopped the flying wedge. This year it can stop this abominable mass play. The Rules Committee can do it at its meeting in December, if it sees fit. But with all deference to the gentlemen composing that committee, they should be made to feel that if prompt action is not taken, their whole beloved game is likely to be endangered. The St. Louis Board of Education has called upon the Superintendent of Education to show cause why football should not be abolished in that city's schools. Other boards are likely to follow Columbia's admirable example and abolish the game altogether until it can be made reasonably safe.

Professor Hyslop brushes aside the mere suspension of physical laws as something that can be explained in any number of ways. If that be so, he is right in taking no stock in Eusapia Palladino. That lady's gifts seem to be entirely connected with the production of visible and audible miracles—shadowy mouths which open to tell the secrets of the other world, shadowy hands which grasp cigar-holders and twang mandolins suspended in the air, and shadowy fingers which model portrait heads in wet clay. Tables and chairs which rise in the air are a commonplace of Eusapia's exhibitions. Camille Flammarion, who has experimented extensively with Eusapia, considers the phenomenon of levitation as absolutely established, and this because he has seen the marvel performed in the full light of a gas chandelier. It is the aversion of most other mediumistic phenomena for the light that makes Flammarion hesitate. Why must the gas always be turned low before the psychic forces will condescend to bring an auditor a message from Shakespeare, or pinch his cheek or hit him smartly in the ribs?

The authenticity of the Leonardo da Vinci wax-bust at Berlin is now established and Dr. Bode stands unshaken on his pedestal. During the absence, in East Africa, of the most competent authority to speak on the subject, the Kaiser has gone to the trouble of inspecting the aspersed masterpiece, and has pronounced it genuine. England cannot now persist in its criticisms against the Berlin Museum without supplying a *casus belli*. After all, it is a fine thing to have infallible authority to fall back upon in the hour of need. Literary criticism during the silver age of Latin poetry profited greatly by the simple but effective methods of the Emperor Nero. Differences of opinion regarding the beauty of a particular hexameter melted away before the imperial suggestion that obstinate critics ought to get into a warm bath and open an artery or two. In our own democratic age the very mention of such a thing as a standard is sacrilege. Criticism is at its finest nowadays when it asserts that I am right, and you are right, and everything is quite correct. But that in the end spells chaos. Hence we must rejoice that what Taine and Brunetière could not do, is done so thoroughly and so easily by the most versatile of the Hohenzollern.

The devotee of the classics has many an adverse influence to contend with, but there is hardly warrant for the discouraging view of a recent editorial in the *Classical Weekly*. Teachers of Latin are not alone in finding many of their pupils convinced in later years that their work in that subject was practically fruitless. The same charge is continually brought against both school and college training in English, sometimes with justice and sometimes not. It is true that the study of history "has developed amazingly in the method of presentation," but a good deal of the amazement is centred upon "original research" by raw undergraduates. And even in the natural sciences, the "correspondingly new methods" are already encountering severe criticism just because they are sacrificing thorough drill in the elements to undue haste for results. It may savor of supererogation to defend the classicists against their own admissions, but there is at least room to question whether their work is essentially weaker than that of their associates in other branches of learning, taking due account of the resources at their command.

The rumor that England will now experiment with a semi-submarine battleship does not surprise us. We have long believed, in our ignorant layman's way, that there ought to be a return to the Ericsson type of monitor, improved by modern ideas on ventilation, etc., but we have always been pitied by naval officers for showing our ignorance in this manner. They have assured us that life cannot be made bearable on semi-submarines, that guns cannot be fired in a seaway save where there is high freeboard, and that even if a modern battleship is a wonderfully fine target at sea, with its heavy superstructure and its towering military masts, this type must survive. Well, the British Admiralty declines to be bound by tradition, and the semi-submarine is to be tried. More than that, some of our own officers—doubtless mere cranks—incline to the view that the semi-submarine will come to stay. Thus Rear-Admiral G. F. F. Wilde, retired, is enthusiastic in its praise, and speaks of the objections to it in these words:

> The boat swims like a shark. The waves do not break on her, but merely slur over. The other prime objection brought up against the proposed new type is the low freeboard, which, they say, will prevent the

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manipulation of her guns in a heavy sea. This is nonsense: I've been in southwestern typhoons in the China Sea, which is the roughest water on the face of the globe, and I never saw the time yet when I could not open up the ports and train my guns. The new type of battleship could be built at much less cost, four semi-submarines equalling in cost one Dreadnought.

Yet these same arguments Rear-Admiral Wilde answers have always been brought up against the construction of modern monitors, just as they were used in 1862 against Ericsson's cheesebox on a raft.

The outcome of the Steinheil case is what every close student of popular opinion expected after the second day of the trial. It would have been a sad miscarriage of justice if the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty against a woman out of whom a hundred newspaper correspondents have made such admirable copy; whom a hundred word-painters have depicted in a hundred picturesque moods, from tigerish defiance to complete abasement; whom Parisians have paid five hundred francs apiece to stare at. The end of such *causes célèbres* is so invariably the same, whether in America, under our fine, loose, go-as-you-please common law, or in France, under the iniquitous Roman law beneath which four-fifths of civilized humanity have suffered these few thousand years, that it seems almost a pity to set the complicated machinery of justice grinding away for nothing. In this country the process takes months; in France it takes weeks. But for all the hot cross-questioning and challenging of talesmen, the fiery allocutions and exceptions, the vast array of expert testimony, the serpentine advance of the hypothetical question, the American public knows from the beginning that a Harry K. Thaw will never go to the electric chair. And in France, for all the rhetorical invective from the bench, a Steinheil, with more reason than a Thaw, we admit, is pretty sure of escaping the severest penalties of the law. On the ground of mere economy it would pay New York County or the French Government to compromise with the next prominent defendant in a murder case by offering him ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and calling it quits.

Austro-Italian relations are temporarily under strain because of an indiscreet speech by a high officer of the Italian army. The Latin temperament appears in the frequency with which the French and Italian governments have to put a general or an admiral on half-pay because he forgot that *inter arma* soldiers had better keep a silent tongue in their heads. This particular Italian delinquent is accused of having said that beyond the Alps lay Austria, and that under her rule groaned many a Latin city which soon should be delivered. Here again was a crack in the Triple Alliance which has been showing such alarming structural defects of late. Will Italy fall away from that alliance? For the distant future it is rash to predict, but no such immediate contingency presents itself. Whom must Italy have behind her in a war with her present allies? France, at the least. Whom must France have behind her before she does go to war? Russia. But that Russia is a slender reed to lean upon French statesmen are well aware. That French aid would come to Italy against Austria is also a highly speculative question. Not until Russia is a civilized government with civilized institutions can she be instrumental in breaking up the Triple Alliance.

Our retiring Ambassador at St. Petersburg gives a roseate picture of conditions in Russia. The country is prosperous, constitutional government is working itself out nicely, and the people are contented. Mr. Riddle has the proper optimism of the diplomat in a strange land. How neatly constitutional government is functioning in Russia may be understood from a St. Petersburg dispatch which tells of the condemnation of one of the leading lawyers in that city to a year's imprisonment in a fortress because of a speech he made at the trial of those implicated in the Jewish massacre at Bialystok, about three years ago. This is the measure of liberty of speech in Russia. It is true that the country this year is more prosperous than it has been for decades. Undoubtedly, the Duma still enjoys the happy privilege of repeating "yes" and "no" after the Czar's ministers. True, the spark of constitutional government is alive in Russia, but we have only to remember that the Government still looks upon the Constitutional Democratic party, led by M. Milyukoff, as "illegal," to see with what difficulty that spark burns on.

What treatment will the Russian Government accord to Nicholas Tchaikovsky in the face of the world's exasperation at the Spanish Government's treatment of Ferrer? There are reports that Tchaikovsky's approaching trial for treason will be conducted behind closed doors, in violation of the Russian Premier's promise that he and his fellow-prisoner, Mme. Breshkovsky, should receive a fair trial. Public opinion should lose no time in protesting against such an iniquitous procedure. In the case of Ferrer, public opinion had scarcely time to pull itself together, men had scarcely time to make up their minds that the danger was real, when the blow fell. There should be no chances taken in the case of the Russian patriot, whom this country and England have come to know as one of the most high-souled and devoted men who have ever fought for a great cause. Premier Stolypin rules with a strong hand, but he should be made to see the folly of practically instituting court-martial at a time of revolutionary inactivity. This is not the way to keep the peace.

The attempt upon the life of the Viceroy of India in Bombay last Sunday will be deplored by no one more than by the sincere friends of the new India. Very important concessions have just been granted to India's demand for a greater share in her own government. An Indian representative now sits in the Viceroy's executive council, the body that rules the peninsula and largely shapes Britain's policy towards her Indian subjects. At the present moment preparations are under way for the elections to the reorganized Provincial Councils in which the native element is to have a majority. This is progress, and greater concessions are bound to come unless an outbreak of anarchy should play straight into the hands of the British reactionary element. The liberties granted are not Home Rule, but one need not be a thick-and-thin defender of the British supremacy to maintain that complete independence for India is at present out of the question. Unfortunately, the gospel of dynamite has been pretty well spread in Hindustan these last few years; fanaticism is native to the soil, and life is so abundantly cheap that the advocates of violence can always count on plenty of fools or tools to stir up mischief.

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THE PLOT.

It was bound to come, this "anti-Taft plot" with which the President found Washington buzzing on his return. The only question was when; and perhaps this between-excitements period was as good as any in which to uncover the conspiracy. Too many worthy writers for newspapers and magazines had been suffering from suppressed muck-raking to make it probable that they could restrain themselves much longer. If the outbreak has come sooner than was generally expected, this only goes to show that the public pretence of desiring a good rest was hollow. As the French are said to be constantly in need of a traitor to buoy them up, so we really cannot get along without great political scandals, exposed villanies in high place, and secret machinations laid bare. Old habits are not so easily broken. After having fed on sensations and slept with conspirators for a long course of years, we are not going to lapse easily into an era of good feeling and humdrum virtue. At heart, we have all become Hotspurs, crying fie upon this quiet life.

As we have said, the attack upon the Taft Administration by those whose hearts are far away in Africa was certain from the beginning. Its first rumblings were heard before the new President was warm in his chair. There were early to be seen men who could not contain their grief over the signs of "reaction" in the White House. Within the first month of Taft's term, we pointed to the predictions and threats openly made that there would be a terrible ripping up of a Cabinet stuffed with corporation lawyers. To-day, Washington is convinced that the storm is beginning to burst. Secretary Ballinger has been directly assailed, and informed that he "must go." The report is that the Secretary of State has discovered that he, too, is involved in the hostile movement. The Postmaster-General is about to be placarded as guilty of a nefarious agreement with a wicked corporation. The other members of the Cabinet are said to be looking at each other in a kind of wild surmise, and asking: "Which of us is safe?" Only one thing is sure, that there is a plot. No one knows exactly what it is, but with its existence certified to by so many credible if not credulous men, the country ought to breathe easily again. Our institutions must be working normally once more if the air is full of treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Many are in the dark about the real scene of the conspiracy. It is not in Washington, nor in the East at all, though the operations seem to be conducted in this part of the country. The true objective is the West. Ammunition exploded here is really designed to wake reverberations among the majestic Rockies and to make the Oregon no longer able to hear its own dashing. This is the explanation of the apparent futility of the renewed attack upon Secretary Ballinger and, by implication, upon President Taft. Hereabouts, it fell as flat as Scott's poem on Waterloo. But it is a different matter in the West. Out there, thousands and thousands of Republicans are only waiting for the official signal to rise and cry "We are betrayed," and to begin a furious campaign against everything that is "reactionary." What the East may ignore or dismiss with a smile, the intenser and more jealous West will take in tremendous earnest.

Though something of this is said to be forcing itself upon the serious attention of the Cabinet, the Washington dispatches represent the President as very little disturbed. He expects to be able to meet his enemies in the gate. The Secretary of the Interior is to make an official report which will confound and crush his assailants. In his annual message, Mr. Taft is to show that he is the sworn champion of all the "policies." But they reckon ill who imagine that what is essentially a state of nerves can be dealt with in a calm and rational manner. Hysterical unreason will shed all the mere reason that can be poured upon it. And there is great difficulty, too, in anything like a counter-attack. Muck-raking does not work both ways. One sees efforts, for example, to make a good deal of the fact that President Roosevelt's supineness, to say no more, allowed the Sugar Trust's thieving to go on unchecked, and let the Custom House rottenness alone; and there are rumors of other damaging matter that may be published in the attempt to show that the idol's feet were of clay. But does any man delude himself by supposing that this will affect the great heart of the West? The returner from Elba will have only to denounce all this as a fresh conspiracy against him by wicked malefactors, and the troops sent to capture him will fall on their knees and beg him to lead them against the money-power—and incidentally into good offices.

Such speculations about the future, however, are not so immediately absorbing as the great and cheering fact that we have again a plot. Public life, then, is to be interesting once more. From dull discussions of tariffs and the revenue and currency, we shall turn lightheartedly to such really vital questions of statesmanship as whether Gifford Pinchot habitually carries a long knife under his coat, whether a magazine editor has been detected in Postmaster-General Hitchcock's office disguised as a Guggenheim, and whether Collector Loeb has been passing, duty-free, invoices of poisoned arrows from Africa.

CONGRESS AND THE SUGAR TRUST.

After the latest disclosures and allegations in the Sugar Trust affair, there can no longer be any question as to the action which Congress must take in the matter. A thorough and searching investigation by a committee of high standing ought to occupy a foremost place on the programme of the coming session. Such a committee ought to call before it, not only the officers and employees of the customs service who are concerned, either as accusers or accused, in the enormous frauds alleged, but the high officials of the Government and of the Sugar Trust whose names have figured in connection with the matter. It is not alone the scandalous character of the frauds alleged, and the magnitude of the robberies charged to agents of the company, which make such Congressional investigation inevitable. Justly or unjustly, the integrity of a branch of the Government itself has been challenged, and it is the business of Congress to sift such charges.

In saying this, we do not wish to be understood as accepting unreservedly the accusations or intimations of Mr. Parr and Mr. Wakeman. Mr. Wakeman asserts that Secretary Gage personally insisted on his laying the evidence of the Sugar Trust's customs frauds before "my good friend, Mr. Havemeyer," and on stopping with that. This is positively denied by Mr. Gage, who replies that not only was he personally unacquainted with Mr. Havemeyer, but that no proofs of the frauds were ever submitted to him; and Mr.

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Gage is a man whose word will be believed. Mr. Reynolds, whom Parr plainly insinuates to have interfered in 1904, when in charge of the customs bureau, with the secret investigation of the frauds, has made equally positive denial in his own behalf.

It is not a time to form hasty conclusions from one-sided statements; but for this very reason, it is all the more necessary that Congress should act with the utmost dispatch. That the Sugar Trust has habitually used every avenue of influence to effect its purposes at Washington, has been well known for at least fifteen years. A concern which begins its connections with the Government authorities by seducing United States Senators, as it did in 1894, into speculating in its stock at an hour when tariff legislation of great importance to the Trust was pending, and which ends by bribing obscure customs employees to install and use false scales, lies properly open to the suspicion of having grasped all other opportunities to corrupt the public service. The duty of Congress is to find out just how far these infamous practices were carried, and just how far the attitude of the Government itself, towards corporations of the sort, needs to be corrected and reformed. We are not exaggerating matters when we say that the affair stands on an equal footing of importance with the Star Route frauds and the Credit Mobilier scandal, themselves subjects of memorable Congressional investigation in their day.

Except for the dishonest dock officials, government collusion in the Sugar Trust infamies is, we say again, as yet a matter of mere allegation. We shall hope that the high officials whose names have been used will come through the inquiry unscathed. But the fact of a rotten system, and of its existence during at least three Presidential administrations, remains. The frauds continued unexposed and unpunished, despite Mr. Gage's assertion that, had he known of them, he would "have gone after the Trust with spur, saddle, and bayonet," and despite, also, Mr. Parr's own statement that, in 1904, President Roosevelt personally assured him that "he was desirous of getting evidence against the bigger criminals." What was it that held back the hand of justice, and kept things quiet at Washington when the frauds had already been discovered? It is the business of a Congressional committee to determine.

Of the incredible baseness of the conspiracy practised against the Government and against their competitors by the managers of this great corporation, there is, unfortunately, no doubt whatever. Men or corporations who make partial restitution when confronted with one set of charges, and who creep under the statute of limitations when confronted with another set, do not have to wait long for the public to make up its mind. The question of a statutory bar to one of the prosecutions, on which Judge Holt sustained the Trust's contention, and on which Attorney-General Wickersham has appealed to the Supreme Court for a final interpretation of the law, is a delicate one, which rests very largely on the language of the Anti-Trust Act itself. But a Congressional committee is bound by no statute of limitations. Its power of inquiry and investigation is supreme, and this is preëminently an occasion on which to exercise it.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT TAX AND LAND OWNERSHIP.

Substantial taxes on the unearned increment of the value of land are a part of the British budget which is fairly certain to get itself established, whatever the result of the present controversy between Lords and Commons; and in Germany, where such levies have, for a number of years, formed part of the municipal taxation of many cities and communes, there has lately been some talk of introducing them into the imperial system. It may thus seem to the admirers of "Progress and Poverty" that, though nearly two-score years had passed without any signal advance in the principal countries of the world toward the realization of Henry George's ideals, the day is at last rapidly approaching when his dream of righteousness is to be fulfilled. How far the facts justify this view is, therefore, a lively question.

That Henry George's work, a masterpiece of propagandist writing, has been the prime mover in bringing about the change in the attitude of English and German statesmen toward the land question, cannot be denied. What had been, before the appearance of "Progress and Poverty," a question that occupied the thoughts of political economists and of a few persons specially interested in land tenure, suddenly acquired the vitality of an issue big with blessings for the whole of human kind. In the exaltation that it evoked there was, moreover, a combination almost unique of the crusading fervor for righteousness with the enthusiasm of a campaign for intellectual enlightenment. For Henry George, whatever were his economic errors in other matters, expounded with great clearness the Ricardian doctrine of rent; and any Georgite, fitted out with his master's arguments, justly felt that he knew the fundamental economics of the subject better than ninety-nine out of a hundred of those with whom he might happen to discuss it. With this union of crusading fervor and intellectual self-confidence, there has been carried on for several decades a campaign for Henry George's doctrine, which now begins to bear fruit in definite political achievement.

Yet a little consideration will show how extremely remote the results thus obtained, or in prospect, in Germany and England, are from Henry George's real object. And it is a remoteness not merely of degree, but of kind. For it is to be remembered that the distinctive point in Henry George's teaching was not the idea of the unearned increment, nor the idea of taxing the unearned increment, nor even the idea of confiscating the unearned increment. All this had been taught, so far as future unearned increments were concerned, a quarter of a century before Henry George's time, by no less authoritative an economist and publicist than John Stuart Mill. The cardinal doctrine of "Progress and Poverty" was the total confiscation of land values—not merely the confiscation of their increase after a certain time, but the confiscation of the whole thing. To accomplish this by taxation, without disturbing the title of the nominal owner, was part of the practical programme laid down by Henry George as a matter of expediency; but he did not flinch from the assertion that the result must be virtually equivalent to total confiscation. And his reasons for this position were as clear-cut as the position itself. Private ownership of land was robbery, and the hoary antiquity of the robbery could not be pleaded as an excuse—this was his ethical ground. And his reason from the

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standpoint of practical effectiveness was equally emphatic; for he held that only through a great revolutionary reassumption by the people of that which belonged to them of right could the end in view be attained—*viz.*, the abolition of poverty and the consequent regeneration of mankind. It was this attitude on the question of confiscation that distinguished him from his predecessors, and especially from Mill, who was as emphatic in condemning confiscation as George was in advocating it.

Now contrast with all this the actualities. We read detailed accounts of the unearned-increment tax in Germany, and hear of its increasing popularity. But on examining the official figures in the accounts, we observe, first of all, that the total annual proceeds of the new taxes amount to 0.76 mark per head of the population of the German Empire —18 cents a year for each person. This does not look like even a beginning of the abolition of poverty. In Hamburg, the great city in which the tax seems to be heaviest, the amount is 27 cents per head annually. While the rates are very complex and differ considerably from place to place, it appears that the average amount that a landowner has to pay over is something like 15 per cent. of the increase in the value of his land, and that there are numerous exemptions. In the English budget, the proposed tax varies from 10 to 20 per cent., and here, too, there are many exemptions. Now, what does all this mean? It means that not only has Henry George's principle of confiscation been absolutely ignored, but that such taxation of unearned increment as is wholly free from ethical objection is approached with great caution on grounds of expediency. Practical consequences of the most serious kind would attend a system under which city landowners should have no share in the advance of the value of their land; such consequences are almost wholly absent when the owners get the benefit of nine-tenths or four-fifths of that advance. In a word, what we are witnessing in Germany and England is not even a remote approach to the triumph of Henry George's doctrines; it means the recognition of a certain amount of soundness in earlier teachings which were profoundly different from his own, but to which his extraordinary work gave a most powerful impetus.

HUMANITARIANISM AND CRIME.

Under the heading "Where the Golden Rule Failed," a Cleveland newspaper, a few days after the recent election, said editorially:

> "There never was a wilder election night crowd than that which choked downtown streets Tuesday night." This is the comment of an afternoon paper, and it is beyond doubt the truth.
>
> The rowdies were out in full force. They jostled and insulted women and girls. They threw snuff and pepper and daubed women's faces and gowns with grease paint and lampblack. One woman's set of white fox furs was ruined. A gang of ruffians picked young girls up and tossed them in the air.
>
> Practically the entire police force was on duty in the downtown district, but until the acts of the hoodlums became alarming nothing was done to suppress them.

In the course of an article appearing in *Hampton's Magazine* for November, part of a series under the general title, "Beating Men to Make Them Good," Mr. Charles Edward Russell gives an enthusiastic account of the working of the "Golden Rule" plan of police administration instituted by Chief Kohler of Cleveland. After citing the figures showing the great diminution of the number of arrests made in that city in the past two years, as compared with the preceding two, Mr. Russell says: "Meantime, the peace and order of the city have not been impaired; they have been furthered." The contrast between this judgment and the Cleveland papers' comment on the doings of election night affords an interesting illustration of the difficulty of ascertaining the truth of such a matter.

Further evidence of this difficulty, in the very same matter, is furnished by an article in the *Outlook*, by William J. Norton of Cleveland. Mr. Norton gives Chief Kohler great credit not only for high purpose and exceptional ability, but also for marked success in the diminution of crime in Cleveland. But he ascribes this success altogether to a part of Kohler's activity that has nothing to do with the Golden Rule policy, namely, to that policy which is described by the name of "police repression." This consists in setting so close and constant a watch on places known or suspected to be of disorderly or criminal character as to make it impossible for them to continue their nefarious business. As to the diminution in the number of arrests not accounted for in this way, a very large proportion—indeed, not very far from the whole—relates, according to Mr. Norton, to cases of drunkenness, the treatment of which under the Golden Rule plan is not radically other, but is much less efficient, than under the old plan. And he adds many other particulars reflecting unfavorably on Kohler's programme. What with this minimizing of the actual scope of the change, and what with such an allegation of failure as that quoted above in regard to election-night disorder, one is left very much at sea as to the actual merits of the case.

To determine the proper limits of the application of latter-day humanitarian ideas to any given phase of crime and lawlessness requires most careful thought and most painstaking inquiry; but there are some broad considerations which it is well steadily to bear in mind. The endeavors of those who are concerned with reclaiming the individual criminal and preventing a given delinquent from becoming a criminal through the evil associations of prison life have been productive of a large amount of good, and will be productive of vastly more in the future; but it is only natural that in their zeal for this object, reformers should run the risk of losing sight of the other, and certainly not less important, aspect of the case. This has been illustrated in a striking way in the views of the more extreme advocates of the indeterminate-sentence plan. Proposed as a means of dealing efficiently with a wide range of offences—possibly with the great majority of them—it has weighty reasons in its favor; erected into a principle, it lays itself open to objections that are not only grave, but vital. Just as soon as its advocates represent it as inherently and absolutely sound, while the old plan is inherently and absolutely vicious, it ceases to be a plan resting on considerations of practical expediency, and becomes a dogma, the acceptance of which would change fundamentally the whole attitude of men toward crime and responsibility. "To sentence a man to prison for a fixed term," they say, "is as insane as it would be to send a sick man to a hospital for a fixed term." To take this position is not only to forget that the primary object of the imprisonment is the deterring of others from crime by the fear of punishment; it strikes much deeper than this. Far more efficacious even than the explicit fear of punishment is the habitual association of the

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idea of disgrace with the idea of crime, an association which cannot fail to be attenuated if we deliberately adopt the view that there is no distinction between criminality and physical disease.

On one phase of the movement to reduce to a minimum the range of the evil effects of prison association there is no room for difference of opinion. The segregation and special treatment of youthful culprits, and great care and consideration in the handling of first offenders, cannot be too strongly insisted on; and the development of the probation system is one of the most beneficent of recent advances. There is need for much amelioration of the condition of prisoners, and little call for exhortation to greater rigor. But it is none the less right to hold fast that which is good, while clearing away that which is evil; and however grave the faults and abuses, and even the cruelties and injuries of existing systems of criminal administration, it would be an error, and a mischievous error, to suppose that the fundamental idea of them is a delusion. What avoidable evils they have done to those caught in the meshes of the law it may be possible to exhibit; what evil they may have prevented by keeping the weak or the vicious from yielding to unlawful propensities is quite beyond discovery or computation.

COUNTRY LIFE PROBLEMS.

Ex-Secretary Garfield, in an address at the Young Men's Christian Association dinner last week, dealt with the failing attractions of country life, especially life on the farm. As a member of the Country Life Commission, he referred to recent investigations and said that they pointed to increasing "stagnation and decline" in rural regions, upon which the cities still exercise their vast power of suction. President Taft touched upon the subject in one of his recent speeches in the South. Admitting the evils, he was, characteristically, more sanguine than Mr. Garfield. In the President's opinion, country life is in the way of being made so fascinating that it may soon reassert its old place in our civilization, and check the seemingly irresistible drift to the city. "The suburban electric railroads," said Mr. Taft, "the telephone, the rural postal delivery, inventions, and coöperative arrangements are reaching such a point that it soon will become, I trust, more comfortable to live in the country than in the city."

There is truth in this view, but there is also fallacy. Increasing conveniences do, indeed, make country life more tolerable to those who feel themselves condemned to it, but is there any evidence that these new and extending facilities operate to hold on the farm the young men who are burning to get away from it? The telephone in the remote country-side is unquestionably a great blessing. With a service made relatively cheap by the use of party-lines, it brings the distant farmhouse into instant touch with physician and shopkeeper and postmaster. It also makes possible a daily interchange of neighborhood gossip and a frequent meeting of friends which are, in many sections, giving a wholly new cast to the social side of life in the country. All this must be recognized thankfully, yet the doubt remains whether such civilizing inventions do or can keep down that persistent and growing distaste for life on the farm of which ex-Secretary Garfield spoke so regretfully. Because the boy in a New Hampshire farmhouse can telephone to the nearest village, is he the less likely to slip away to Boston to get a job as motorman? We know of no statistics bearing on the point, yet the fact that farms continue to be abandoned, and that the city keeps on pulling to itself country-bred youth, would seem to argue that neither telephone nor trolley nor the daily newspaper left in the mail-box by the roadside will suddenly make thousands of men and women fall in love with the country which now they hate.

As a matter of fact, it may be plausibly argued that the very introduction in the country of a modicum of urban comforts and conveniences merely whets the longing for the city. Sir Horace Plunkett, who for twenty years has been a close student of agricultural conditions in Ireland and in the United States, is distinctly of the mind that the thing actually works in that way. The trolley car passing once an hour simply renders the appeal of subway and elevated and the two-minute headway all the stronger. The farm telephone is very good, but how if it puts into the youth's head a still more vivid conception of the charm of a great city knit together in the enjoyment of every modern facility? What possible chance has the newspaper which reaches the farm in the evening, or a day late, of competing in excitement with the city editions appearing clamorously all day long and far into the night? Sir Horace Plunkett soberly concludes that the trend to the cities has actually been heightened, not diminished, by giving the country a fuller taste of urban pleasures and conveniences. Having got a small part, the country folk desire the whole, more than ever. Careful inquiry should be directed to ascertaining whether this is really the fact.

For so deep a social disturbance as the steady forsaking of country life by those who can escape it, remedies that go deep are obviously necessary. And they will have to be felt by the masses rather than presented by the rural "uplifters." Causes both economic and social must get powerfully in operation before we shall see the beginnings of the desired effect. The argument from material well-being seems already to be slowly making headway. Historically, the flight from the country to the city was at first a part of the industrial revolution of the last century. The great factories, the more numerous jobs, were in urban communities, and farm workers, with those whose house-industries had been destroyed by machinery and specialization, went to the towns to find work. It may be that a reaction will set in, also for economic reasons. The struggle for existence may drive people back to the land. With farming made easier and more scientific and profitable, the terrible pressure in cities may soon begin to extrude to country districts many who must seek a new environment and opportunity if they are to maintain themselves above want or beggary. Until some such solid advantages, or social necessities, can be made the rural set-off to the artificial charm of the city, it will be in vain to hope for a re-population of deserted hillsides. To reinforce the economic argument by every appeal on the score of health and sentiment is, of course, an obvious duty. Nothing that can be done to improve country schools, or to promote human intercourse among scattered farmers, should be omitted. And it might well be hoped that a change of mental attitude could be brought about, so that men and women would again associate their happiest experiences with country sights and sounds, and have such remembered thrills of pleasure as

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stirred De Quincey when he recalled his joy, as a child, at the blossoming of the crocuses in his father's garden.

RACINE AND THE ANTI-ROMANTIC REACTION.

I.

Since the flickering out of symbolism a few years ago, there has been a singular dearth of fresh initiative in French literature. The French themselves do not seem sure whether the present is merely a period of pause before the starting of some new movement, or whether they are definitively entering the stage of Alexandrian impotence. Even the novel, the literary form that flourished above all others in the last century, is showing signs of exhaustion. When I inquired of a distinguished Frenchman last year as to the outlook for the novel, he simply replied: *C'est fini.* Meanwhile, amidst the existing lassitude, we may note curious symptoms of dissatisfaction with the nineteenth century, and its aftermath in art and literature. It was in France, in the writings of Rousseau, that certain romantic and naturalistic points of view first found powerful expression. It is in France, the most intellectually sensitive of modern nations, that we now see the beginnings of reaction against the fundamental postulates of Rousseauism. Few books have been more talked about of late than M. Lasserre's brilliant and virulent attack on French romanticism.* Rousseau is not merely an ancestor of romanticism, according to M. Lasserre, he is a complete embodiment of it; and Rousseauism M. Lasserre defines as an "integral corruption of the higher parts of human nature." If M. Lasserre's opinion of Victor Hugo in particular is to gain currency, the worshippers of Hugo have done well to make haste and celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the "Légende des siècles," for by the time of the hundredth anniversary the glory of Hugo will have become a mere memory, like that of Ronsard in the seventeenth century.

It is not, however, M. Lasserre's attitude toward this or that author that is chiefly significant. As he himself says in the preface to one of the later editions of his book, his aim is not so much to attack the romantic and naturalistic movement in its flowers and fruit, as to pour a little poison about its roots. Unfortunately, M. Lasserre's book tends to be extreme, and, in the French sense, reactionary. A year or so ago I chanced to be strolling along one of the narrow streets that skirt the Quartier Saint-Germain, and came on a book-shop entirely devoted to reactionary literature and there in the window, along with books recommending the restoration of the monarchy, was the volume of M. Lasserre, and other anti-romantic publications.* Now, I for one regret that a legitimate protest against certain tendencies of nineteenth-century life and literature should be thus mixed up with what we may very well deem an impossible political and religious reaction.

II.

My purpose is not, however, to discuss M. Lasserre, but a topic suggested by another book that belongs to the same anti-romantic movement, a book that has likewise been much talked about and gone through many editions. The volume in which the most gifted of living French critics, M. Jules Lemaître, exalts Racine† is a natural pendent to the volume in which he recently attacked Rousseau. In the case of the lectures that went to the making of both volumes, there was the same rolling of fashionable equipages in front of the Salle de Géographie on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. But in spite of the applause of the dowagers of the *beau quartier*, the "Racine" is a successful book, far more than the "Rousseau," partly, perhaps, because the author is more at home with art than with ideas. In defending tradition no one ever got farther than M. Lemaître from the dryly traditional. There is, indeed, something rarely entertaining in all this impressionistic trepidation of style, devoted to the praise of an age and author that are supposed above all to have been decorous and conventional.

M. Lemaître has a love of Racine that admits of few doubts and reservations. He would agree with Boileau, who put his friend's plays on a level with those of Sophocles, or with Voltaire in the following century, who declared that "Athalie" is the "masterpiece of the human spirit." The romanticists, to be sure, rose in revolt against Racine; but if Racine is now coming into such high favor again, it is partly, says M. Lemaître, as a reaction against *le mensonge et l'illusion romantiques.* And he goes on to praise Racine in a way that is itself more suggestive of the romantic ardor than of the classical coolness of temper.

For example, he says that "Racine unites and fuses in himself the two fairest traditions of our humanity: the Hellenic and the Christian." We should say, on the contrary, that though Racine united in himself these two traditions, it is of the utmost importance to add that he did not entirely succeed in fusing them. We may doubt whether the seventeenth century in general was fully successful in its attempt to reconcile the two great disciplines it had inherited from the past. Thus, Boileau's theory of the epic implies that in the ordinary relations of life a man should be a Christian, but when he sits down at his writing-desk, a pagan; and this can scarcely be regarded as satisfying. Now Racine had likewise been trained in the "two antiquities," classical and Christian, but he differed from nearly all the other writers of his time in having a thorough knowledge of Greek as well as of Latin—a knowledge that ranges from the Attic tragedians to the late pastoral romances; his Christianity, again, was not of the somewhat easy-going and Jesuitical type that was current in his century; but, as a youth, he had been steeped in the severe and ascetic faith of Port-Royal. In short, he had been initiated into an unusually pure form of the two great traditions, and the result was an inevitable conflict, not only within himself, but with the outer world. Of a noble and dignified presence, and perfect in all the accomplishments of the *honnête homme*, Racine was fitted to be the ideal courtier. His Jansenism alone stood in the way; for it was his Jansenism, and not the more or less mythical petition that he presented to Louis XIV in behalf of the suffering common people that led to his partial fall from favor at court, and is supposed to have hastened his end. It was not again so much the efforts of his enemies against "Phèdre," as the struggle between the humanistic elements in his training and the reawakening scruples of his Jansenist boyhood and youth that caused him at the age of thirty-seven, and in the full maturity of his powers, to renounce the writing of plays. The attitude of the Jansenists toward the stage, we should recollect, was very similar to that of the Puritans in England. Just as the Puritans called the theatres the "devil's chapels," so the Jansenist Nicole denounced playwrights as "poisoners not of the bodies, but of the souls of the faithful."

Joubert says that the talent of Racine is in his works, but Racine himself is not there. We may, at least, say that, in spite of "Athalie," Racine failed to express fully his religious side in his plays, differing in this respect from dramatists like Sophocles and Æschylus, who were conscious of no such opposition between the sacred and the profane, for whom the drama, indeed, so far from being under the ban of religion, was closely associated with it. Possibly this is one reason why we do not get in Racine, in spite of his extraordinary mastery of the psychology of the passions, any equivalent for those passages in which Æschylus and Sophocles seem to sound the very depth of human destiny.

III.

Most of us would reproach M. Le-

Le Romantisme français. Par Pierre Lasserre, 1907.

*The books that M. Ernest Seillière is writing against romanticism (*Le Mal romantique, etc.*) are less specifically reactionary. M. Seillière is a disciple of the philosopher Fouillée.

†*Jean Racine.* Par Jules Lemaitre. 1908.

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maître less for the romantic and impressionistic bent he betrays even in his classicism than for his failure to adjust his treatment of Racine to the international point of view. This is indeed a grave defect, though it is not, like the same defect in the volume on Rousseau, fatal. M. Lemaître's own reason for dismissing so lightly the international verdict on Racine is very simple: There is, he says, in Racine a something that is forever inaccessible to foreigners. It is no doubt because of this inaccessible something that the gap between the native and the foreign estimate of Racine is wider perhaps than in the case of any other French author. We must note, for example, the almost entire failure of any translation or adaptation of Racine to gain a foothold on the English stage or in English literature; so much so that a recent French writer, after reviewing this record of failure, decides that *les Anglais n'ont pas la tête racinienne*. In Germany, Lessing objected to Racine for not being sufficiently classical; A. W. Schlegel objected to him for not being sufficiently romantic, and examples might be multiplied to prove that the German head is at least as un-Racinian as that of the Englishman.

Now, what the cultivated Frenchman admires in Racine, according to M. Lemaître, is reason, exquisite measure, supreme clearness, delicate sensibility tempered by judgment—in brief, the truly classical virtues. What the foreigner objects to, on the other hand, may be summed up in the word artificiality, a pervading suggestion of the somewhat hollow pomp and grandiosity of the court of Louis XIV—an element, in short, that is pseudo-classic rather than truly classical.

If we are to arrive then at an intelligent estimate of Racine, it should seem necessary, above all, to determine in what respects he is genuinely classic and in what respects neo-classic or pseudo-classic, not failing to note at the same time certain other respects in which he is inspired rather by the spirit of romance.

The neo-classic element in French tragedy goes back, of course, to the Aristotelian commentators and literary casuists of the Italian Renaissance. Perhaps the most striking feature of this neo-classical regulation of the drama from the very start is its tendency to apply rational rather than imaginative standards, even to the point of abolishing the distinction between the world of poetry and the world of logic and every-day fact. Any play that overstepped the bounds of ordinary reality or failed to develop with a strict logical sequence was condemned as "improbable." This somewhat narrow and mechanical conception of dramatic verisimilitude is mainly responsible for the most famous of all the rules, the unities of time, place, and action, of which the second is not in Aristotle at all, and only the third can be said to be truly Aristotelian. The three unities, along with the *liaison des scènes* (the "scenes unbroken"), another expression of the demand for logicality, have been summed up in the lapidary verses of Boileau:

Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour un seul fait accompli
Tienne jusqu'à la fin le théâtre rempli.

Unlike Corneille, Racine moved with perfect ease among all the rules that the neo-classic disciplinarians had imposed upon the stage. Indeed, it is in Racine, if anywhere, that all this regulating of the drama must find its justification. From a minute study of treatises like that of Heinsius, ("De Tragœdiæ Constitutione," 1611), he absorbed the quintessence of the Aristotelian lore of the Renaissance. As a result, he has attained in several of his plays, not simply a strictness of structure, but an actual perfection of dramatic technique that is unsurpassed in ancient or modern literature; and this is no mean merit, even though it does not in itself take the place of the divine spontaneity of Greek art at its best.

The neo-classic rules fell in with Racine's own tendency to concentrate—to portray only one passion and to take that passion itself in its very crisis and culmination. Racine is more interested in the psychological drama than in the outer action in which this drama finds expression. A recent writer (G. Michaut in "La Bérénice de Racine," 1907) has maintained that the most Racinian of Racine's plays—the play toward which his whole conception of dramatic art tended—is "Bérénice," which comes near realizing the popular notion of French tragedy as a five-act conversation. Yet the psychological drama in "Bérénice" is intense, and it is a better acting play than many a romantic melodrama crowded from beginning to end with tumultuous incident. It is also to Racine's concentration that we must ascribe in part his lack of "local color," all the concrete and picturesque details that diversify human beings in time and space, a lack for which he has been reproached by critics from his contemporary Saint-Evremond to the present day. Like all the classicists, Racine aimed to represent human nature in its essence rather than as locally modified, but was often too prone to identify this essential human nature with forms of human nature peculiar to his own time. "The French poets," says Dryden, "are generally accused that whersoever they lay the scene, or in whatsoever age, the manners of their heroes are wholly French. Racine's Bajazet is bred at Constantinople; but his civilities are conveyed to him by some secret passage from Versailles into the Seraglio." At all events, Racine had the virtues of his limitations and did not allow himself to be diverted from the real business of the drama to the pursuit of the local color that was the fetich of the romanticists of 1830, and that M. Lemaître has attacked so amusingly.

IV.

One of the ways in which the neo-classic writer becomes pseudo-classic is by failing to distinguish between the permanent laws of good taste and what Lowell calls the parochial by-laws of etiquette. The ancients, says Lessing, knew nothing about politeness. Seventeenth-century French tragedy, on the contrary, is permeated by a refined social convention; and Racine, who was at once an accomplished humanist and a perfect courtier, was peculiarly fitted to achieve this fusion of the standards of the classicist and the standards of Versailles. The distinction between the polite and the vulgar is all-pervasive in his plays, from the chief characters who must be of a certain rank to the language which must be free from all plebeian taint. It has been said that Plato and the fishwives of Athens used the same vocabulary. At all events, words were not officially classified at Athens as "noble" or "low," and the same is, of course, true of Elizabethan England. In commenting on the first scene of "Hamlet," Voltaire is especially shocked that a mouse should dare to stir in tragedy. Exact comparison is not easy, but we may estimate that the ideas of dignity and decorum of his time restricted Racine to a vocabulary less than one-half the size of Shakespeare's. From the charmed circle of convention in which French tragedy moves, everything harshly realistic is banished. Its personages seem to feed on nectar and ambrosia. Little is said about the mind's action on the body, virtually nothing of the action of the body on the mind.

Racine was, of course, too good a classical scholar not to be aware of the difference in this respect between his own art and that of the ancients. He knew that if the art of the ancients was fastidious and selective, it was not squeamish. "In our French poetry and even in our novels," he writes, "there is no more talk of eating than if the heroes were gods who were not subject to the need of nourishment, whereas Homer sets his heroes to eating on every occasion." The "Odyssey" especially, we may add, is remarkable for the amount of eating and drinking it contains (the "eating poem of the 'Odyssey'" as Fielding called it); so much so that when Odysseus would raise the spirits of the departed, he offers them the ghostly equivalent of a good dinner.

"This over-delicacy of the French," Racine concludes, "is a genuine weak-

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ness." To understand how French society and literature came to move in this world of refined convention, we must, of course, go back to the beginning of the seventeenth century and the growing influence of women and the drawing-rooms at that time. We should note especially that the men and women who gathered about Mme. de Rambouillet deliberately patterned themselves upon the heroes and heroines of the great literary success of the period, Honoré d'Urfé's interminable pastoral romance, "l'Astrée." The *grand monde*, as conceived by Mme. de Rambouillet and her group, is a curious transformation of the pastoral dream that, in some form or other, has always haunted the human heart. "So understood," says Amiel, "society is a form of poetry; the cultivated classes deliberately recompose the idyll of the past and the buried world of Astræa." In entering a seventeenth century drawing-room one entered an intensely artificial Arcadia, but an Arcadia none the less, from which the cares and concerns of ordinary life were banished and where one was free to discourse of love. This discourse of love, it is true, often ran into mere *préciosité*, into what has been termed wire-drawn and super-subtilized gallantry; but at the same time a great deal of real insight into the passions resulted from all this anatomizing of the heart.

Now the tragedies of Racine have been influenced in a marked degree by this love-making of high society. The young lovers of his plays—his Alexander and even his Pyrrhus—are first cousins to the pastoral youth (who are at the same time fine ladies and gentlemen) that sigh and languish through the numerous volumes of d'Urfé and his imitators. Racine, as we have said, was familiar with the Greek pastoral romances and had even met in one of them the very situation he afterwards developed in "Phèdre." But love in the Greek pastoral is something very different from that of the French drawing-room. If the ancients knew nothing about politeness, they likewise knew very little about gallantry. Love as understood by the *précieux* and *précieuses* goes back to the Petrarchian refinements of the Italian Renaissance, which can, in turn, be traced to Petrarch himself, and ultimately to the cult of the "lady" and the courts of love of the Middle Ages. The strenuously classical Rymer complains that the French will still be off on "the wild goose chase of romance," and it is true that Racine's preoccupation with love as the supreme motive is romantic, rather than classical. At times, his presentation of love is not only romantic, but chivalric and mediæval. The sole object of his Alexander in conquering the world is that he may lay his conquest at his lady's feet. Pyrrhus tells Andromache that as a result of her fair glances, he is burned by more flames than he ever lit in Troy. In "Phèdre," Racine has altered the whole sense of the ancient legend, by making Hippolytus sigh for the charms of Aricia. "Where the poet ought," says Dryden, "to have preserved the character as it was delivered to us by antiquity, when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man, of the Amazonian strain, a jolly huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising, a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, and transformed the Hippolytus of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolyte."

V.

We must not, however, dwell too long on the element of artificiality and convention in Racine. It is, after all, more or less superficial. What we most often find when we get beneath the somewhat over-decorous surface of his Alexandrines is the keenest psychology and the severest realism. There is less that is far-fetched and fantastic, less of *préciosité* in his treatment of love than in Corneille's. At his best he utterly transcends the Arcadian affectations of the drawing-rooms. So much so that to these drawing-rooms themselves he seemed violent and even ferocious. There is more truth in this opinion than in the opposite charge of tameness which is often brought against him by foreigners. Racine is preëminent among the dramatists of the world for the mingled power and delicacy with which he has portrayed nearly all the aspects of love, from the mere refinements of gallantry to the ground-swell of elemental passion—passion that in "Phèdre" especially is heightened and intensified by Christian remorse:

Hélas! du crime affreux dont la honte me suit
Jamais mon triste cœur n'a recueilli le fruit.

We may learn from Racine what we have tended too much to forget since the romantic triumph, that the expression of emotion may be intense and at the same time restrained.

We may conclude, then, that foreign indifference to Racine arises in part from legitimate dislike of the pseudo-classic element in his work, but even more perhaps from failure to do justice to his genuinely classical virtues. For example, the attitude of seventeenth-century England toward Racine was due not so much to a loftier and less conventional view of the drama as to a crude romanticism. The very public that was indifferent to Racine applauded "heroic plays" inspired by the bombast and preposterous gallantries of inferior French writers like La Calprenède and Scudéry; just as many persons to-day may be counted on to prefer the rant and fustian of Hugo's "Hernani" to the exquisite art of plays like "Athalie" and "Phèdre." The average Englishman or American is apt to see proof of his imaginative superiority in a failure to appreciate Racine; in nine cases out of ten it is proof rather of a limitation.

There is special reason just now why we should overcome such limitations and refresh in ourselves the sense of the sound classical virtues. M. Lemaître therefore does us a service in treating with such an easy and unaffected grace a writer who had a number of these virtues, and in not only feeling himself, but making others feel that he is dealing with something vivid and vital. M. Lasserre also does us a service by his plea for a humanistic revival. The need of such a revival should be evident to every one. With the spread of impressionism, literature has lost standards and discipline and at the same time virility and seriousness; it has fallen into the hands of æsthetes and dilettantes, the last effete representatives of romanticism, who have proved utterly unequal to the task of maintaining its great traditions against the scientific positivists. At the same time, if there is to be a humanistic movement, we may hope that it will be somewhat less negative and more genuinely constructive than the one M. Lasserre and others are trying to start in France; that it will preserve, even in its severest questionings of the nineteenth century, a certain balance and moderation, a certain breadth of knowledge and sympathy, and so seem an advance and not a retrogression.

IRVING BABBITT.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The second part of the Maier library will occupy the Anderson Auction Company four sessions, afternoon and evening, November 22 and 23. The first editions of Longfellow (101 lots) include "Outre Mer" (1833-34), the two parts, in original covers, uncut, a fine copy; "Poems on Slavery" (1842), two copies; "The Spanish Student" (1843); "The Belfry of Bruges" (1846), with autograph verses inserted; and "Evangeline" (1847); besides several presentation copies of other books.

The first editions of Lowell, the most extensive collection ever offered (125 lots), includes about all the rarities: "Harvardiana" (1837-38), in parts; "Class Poem" (1838); "A Year's Life" (1841); "The Pioneer" (1843), the three parts in the original covers; "Poems" (1844), one copy on large paper, another on small paper, but a presentation copy and in the original boards uncut; "Ode recited at the Commemoration of the Living and Dead Soldiers of Harvard University" (1865); and "Poems of Maria Lowell" (1855), a presentation copy from Lowell to J. E. Cabot, with a manuscript poem in Mrs. Lowell's autograph inserted.

The Poe collection includes the two most

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valuable books in the library. "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (1829), Poe's second book, is the copy given by Poe to his cousin Elizabeth, with his autograph presentation inscription. When Poe came to reprint his early poems in the "Raven" volume in 1845, he had again obtained possession of this volume and had made numerous manuscript alterations on the margins. The book was broken up and used as printers' copy, the typesetters names "Richard" and "Moran" being written on the leaves. The Catalogue states that these alterations were made for the "Poems" printed in 1831, but this is a mistake. The book first turned up in the auction room in the sale of George H. Moore's library at Bangs's in May, 1893. It was next owned by William Nelson of Paterson, New Jersey, and, being kept in his safe, was one of the few books in his library preserved during the great Paterson fire. It was, however, charred, and the leaves made very brittle. In this condition it was sold in the Harold Peirce sale in Philadelphia in May, 1903, bringing $1,825. The purchaser sent it to Bradstreet's and the leaves were sized and put back into the old covers. The paper is still browned, but is firm and usable and the book is one of the most interesting Poe items known.

Another important Poe item is that thin pamphlet without title, but with cover, "The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe . . . No. 1. Containing the Murders in the Rue Morgue, and the Man that was Used Up," Philadelphia: . . . 1843," which was picked up for a few cents in Dutchess County in 1906, and for which Mr. Maier paid about $1,500. The only copy ever sold at auction brought $1,000, at the F. W. French sale in 1901. Poe's letter, dated June 4, 1842, to Dr. Snodgrass, offering his story "The Mystery of Marie Roget" for publication in the Baltimore *Visiter* for forty dollars, is also in the Maier collection. It is printed in full for the first time in the catalogue, and is one of the most interesting Poe letters extant. On the same day, Poe wrote to George Roberts, offering the same story for publication in the *Mammoth Notion*, but the price named in that letter is fifty dollars. The Roberts letter sold in the French sale in 1901, and is now in F. R. Halsey's collection.

The Whittier collection (137 lots) includes most of the rarities, among them "Legends of New England" (1831); "Moll Pitcher" (1832); "Mogg Megone" (1836); the privately printed poem "Sumner" (1872), with manuscript corrections by the author and others.

This second part includes also first editions of the writings of Joaquin Miller, D. G. Mitchell, S. Weir Mitchell, J. L. Motley, John Neal, Thomas W. Parsons, J. K. Paulding, John Howard Payne, William Gilmore Simms, Charles Dudley Warner, and other authors, together with an extensive series of American magazines.

On November 22, 23, and 24, the Merwin Clayton Sales Company will sell a portion of the scientific books of William L. Sherwood of New York. This is the most important scientific collection, especially in books on botany, which has been dispersed at auction in recent years. Clayton's "Flora Virginica" (1762); Marshall's "Arbustrum Americanum" (1785); W. P. C. Barton's "Flora of North America" (1821), with colored plates, and Gray's "Genera of the Plants of the United States" (1848), with colored plates by Isaac Sprague, are included; besides other works by Barton, Gray, Candolle, Chapman, Sowerby, Nuttall, and other writers, as well as extensive series of scientific periodicals and a quantity of manuscripts by William Darlington. On November 26, the same house will sell a collection containing a complete set to date of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary," and other works on American genealogy; Thompson's "History of Long Island," the first edition of 1839, as well as the more valuable second edition in two volumes, published in 1843; books on Connecticut, etc.

On November 23 and 24, Libbie & Company of Boston will sell the library of Fred M. Bixby of Brockton, Mass., and other consignments of miscellaneous books.

On December 13, 14, 15, and 16, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell the library of the late William Wheeler Smith of New York. Included are several Books of Hours of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries; specimens of the work of several of the early Continental printers, and an imperfect copy of Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Caxton; a series of the various editions of the Dances of Death and of the Emblems of Alciatus, and a number of works on the history of printing.

Correspondence.

GETTYSBURG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Hosts of your readers, doubtless, feel indebted to you for the extended notice given in your issue of October 30 to the story of Gettysburg, as told by the heroic Haskell, as well as for your discerning comments made on the notable phases of that campaign. Perhaps it may be admissible to call attention to the tributes paid at the time to the officer in question by his commanders, indicating that the example set by him in the critical moment of the battle exerted a matchless influence. For instance, Major-Gen. Hancock, commanding the Second Corps, in his official report of the battle, says:

> I desire particularly to refer to the services of a gallant young officer, First Lieut. F. A. Haskell, aide-de-camp to Brigadier-Gen. Gibbon, who at a critical period of the battle, when the contending forces were but fifty or sixty yards apart, believing that an example was necessary, and ready to sacrifice his life, rode between the contending lines with the view of giving encouragement to ours, and leading it forward, he being at that moment the only mounted officer in a similar position.

Brigadier-Gen. Gibbon, commander of the Second Division of the Second Corps at this period of the battle, testifies similarly, to his exertions as does Col. Hall of the Seventh Michigan, commanding the Third Brigade of this division.

There were, of course, hosts of men at Gettysburg just as gallant, just as skilful, just as loyal, as this officer. The opportunity, however, came to him in the very crisis of the battle, when the destinies of the struggle were trembling in the balance, to see what needed to be done; and his glorious example was one of the agencies used to make victory sure. The fact that he had clarity of vision to recognize the needs of that moment, and the self-forgetful courage to swing himself into the deadly breach, is the salient matter to be emphasized.

Possibly I may be permitted to say something on the point raised by your review in regard to the non-delivery by Meade of a counter-stroke after the repulse of Pickett. You intimate briefly that a "disordered Confederate retreat" opened the opportunity for such a blow, and that "the world has come to feel that Meade's caution was untimely, and that the war was thereby sadly prolonged." It should be remembered that there was actually no "retreat" except that made by a very small body of men—the broken remnants of Pickett's command—not more than two thousand altogether, who had escaped slaughter or capture. Lee's entire line of battle was unbroken. Fifty thousand men stood in line, in a strong position, with a hundred and forty cannon, so planted as to sweep the plain across which a counter-blow must be aimed. "It would have been stark madness," says Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery on the Union side in that battle, "to have made an advance under the circumstances." With a single exception all the foreign military experts who were with Lee, studying the operations of the campaign, have testified that there was but little sign of demoralization on the return of Pickett's remnant, and they have recorded their conviction that an assault by the Union forces would have been repulsed with heavy losses. Longstreet, Hill, and other Confederate officers in command in the battle have written on the subject, declaring that they were abundantly ready to meet a counter-stroke, and that they "would have liked nothing better" than the opportunity which a Union advance would have afforded them. Is it a clear case, then, and can it be urged that "the world" has wisely made up its mind, that Meade's proper course was to direct or lead his army forward against Lee's unbroken lines, across the very plain which had been made the scene of the annihilation of Pickett's command?

The old question as to Meade's faultiness in not making an attack on Lee at Williamsport, Maryland, after Gettysburg, is also raised in the review. The testimony of Major-Gen. Humphreys, great as an engineer, a strategist, and leader on the field, and reckoned by good judges to possess as large resources of varied military knowledge and ability as any man in the Union army, ought to help to decide this matter. Lee occupied at Williamsport a line which could not be flanked on either side, and which Humphreys, who had attempted to carry by successive charges the heights of Fredericksburg, declared was stronger than that held there by the Confederates, and even stronger than Meade's position at Gettysburg. The deliberate judgment of Humphreys, put on record after he had surveyed the field, and considered all the facts, years after the close of the war, was that an assault by Meade upon Lee's entrenched position at Williamsport "would have resulted disastrously." So far as I have been able to apprehend the case, those who have studied the whole situation most closely have reach-

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ed the conclusion that an assault would have resulted as did the butchery at Cold Harbor. Swinton's comment, in his "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War," made after careful research, is worth citing:

It is certain that Lee wished to be attacked at Williamsport, and if it be a cardinal maxim of war never to do what the enemy desires you to do, it may appear that there are at least two sides to the question.

As to Meade's generalship, we may recall what Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery, said, after long study, given to the campaign, and after having had unusual opportunity to see it at large from army headquarters: "As I have studied this battle, Meade has grown and grown upon me."

The selection of Pipe Creek as a tentative line of battle—a very strong location—was made in view of the possibility that Lee would turn from the Susquehanna down toward Baltimore and Washington—not as a final place in which to give battle. Recall the situation: On Sunday morning, June 28, Meade was placed in command; seventy-two hours later, the battle opened, but by his alertness and skill, Meade was able to concentrate his forces at Gettysburg in time to meet the army of Lee, as it arrived.

It can hardly be claimed that those who seek for grounds on which to base their belief in the supreme greatness of Lee as a general, will find the material in the Gettysburg campaign. The plan itself was hardly wise; an invasion of the North was sure to solidify and thoroughly arouse the border States, and, indeed, all the Union elements. Lee could not reasonably hope to pass by the flank of the Army of the Potomac and reach Washington without a battle; while any serious scheme aimed at Philadelphia, if cherished at all, must now be deemed a delusion and a snare. The consent, which Lee gave to "Jeb" Stuart to take his cavalry and go a-cavorting between the Army of the Potomac and Washington and the failure to keep any cavalry for use on the right flank of the advancing Confederate army constituted a double-blunder, with fatal consequences. In the direct management of the forces at Gettysburg, surely no one will claim that Lee showed his usual skill. Had he pressed his advantage on the first day, and crowded after the retreating Union forces on that dreadful Wednesday afternoon, July 1, it is barely possible that Cemetery Hill might have been taken; that chance was thrown away. The line of battle which Lee chose and occupied, was a most disadvantageous one—seven miles in length, and enclosing in concave shape, the inner, compact Union line, which was correspondingly advantageous. With a single exception, no attack was made at any point with sufficient force to make an impression. At not a single point was the Union line indented, except at Culp's Hill on Thursday night, July 2, and from this point the Confederates were driven next morning. The crowning blunder of all was in ordering Pickett's attack. Even if thirty thousand troops, instead of six thousand, had been massed for that assault, it could not have penetrated the Union lines. The position was well-nigh impregnable; scores of guns were massed on the ridge, commanding the entire field of advance; and the assault at that particular point had been foreseen by Meade and amply provided for.

Longstreet had in mind a movement which had in it just then the possibility of success—a move on the part of Lee southward, a short distance, such as would threaten the communications with Frederick and Washington. In such a case the Union force would have been drawn out of its stronghold and made to fight for its lines in the rear. Lee gave the suggestion scant consideration. The comment made upon the Charge of the Light Brigade applies with equal force to Pickett's movement: "That is magnificent, but it is not war!"

An inside view of the feelings of some of Lee's officers as to the conduct of the battle is afforded by Gen. Wade Hampton, writing from Charlottesville, Va., July 15, 1863, under treatment on account of wounds received at Gettysburg, to Senator Wigfall, at Richmond:

Our army is in good condition after its terrible and useless battle. . . . We could better have stormed the heights of Stafford than those of Gettysburg.

On the other hand, can one find a single tactical mistake made by Meade? As to the whole case, the judgment of Humphreys is worth emphasizing. In his memorial address, delivered November 18, 1872, he said:

After a careful examination of the subject, I am led to the conclusion that Meade at Gettysburg had a more difficult task than Wellington at Waterloo, and performed it equally well, although he had no Blücher to turn the scale in his favor.

JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG.

Jacksonville, Fla., November 9.

ST. AUGUSTINE ON THE SUFFRAGETTES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There appear to be few who credit St. Augustine with any but the narrowest sense of humor, and fewer still who recall that in his "De Civitate Dei" (xviii, 9) he has sketched with lively amusement the *suffragatrix*, or suffragette of ancient Athens. He is recounting the story Varro tells about the contest for the naming of Athens, whether it should be from the goddess Athene (or Minerva), or from the god Neptune. The passage runs as follows, in Healey's clever version:

Hereupon Cecrops gathered all the people of both sexes together (for then it was a custom in that place to call the women unto consultations also), to give their voices in this election, the men being for Neptune and the women for Minerva; and the women, being more, won the day for Minerva. At this, Neptune, being angry, overflowed all the Athenians' lands (for the devils may draw the waters which way they list), and to appease him the Athenian women had a triple penalty set on their heads. First, they must never hereafter have a vote in council; second, never hereafter, be called Athenians; third, nor ever leave their name unto their children. Thus this ancient and goodly city, the only mother of arts and learned inventions, the glory and lustre of Greece, by a scoff of the devils, in a contention of their gods and male and female, and by a feminine victory obtained by women, was enstyled Athens, after the female's name that was victor, Minerva; and yet being plagued by him that was conquered, was compelled to punish the means of the victor's victory, and showed that it feared Neptune's waters worse than Minerva's arms.

Neptune, the mean male that he was, of course threw cold water on the whole business, and "to appease him" the Athenian suffragettes were robbed of their right to vote, to be called Athenians, and to leave their names to their sons. Deplorably disastrous as the outcome proved, is it not nevertheless somewhat reprehensible that St. Augustine, no doubt with a man's prejudices, failed to enlarge on the importance of the fact that, in one respect at least, the suffragettes conquered? They had the "last word"; for their vote naming the city Athens stood unrevoked to St. Augustine's day—and stands unrevoked in ours.

ANDREW F. WEST.

Princeton University, November 8.

THE PHLEGMATIC COMPLEXION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An allusion made by Moth in "Love's Labour's Lost," I, ii, 81-89, has not yet, so far as I know, been fully explained, although Halliwell was on the right track. The passage in question reads:

Moth.—A woman, master.
Armado.—Of what complexion?
Moth.—Of all four, or three, or two, or one of the four.
Arm.—Tell me precisely of what complexion.
Moth.—Of the sea-water green, sir.
Arm.—Is that one of the four complexions?
Moth.—As I have read, sir; and the best of them, too.

Halliwell wrote, "Moth does not lay claim to scientific accuracy. The colors assigned to the four complexions . . . are thus noted in Sir John Harington's 'Englishman's Doctor, or the School of Salerne' (1608):

The watry flegmatique are fayre and white;
The collericke, more red; the melancholy,
Alluding to their name, are swart and colly."

Dr. Furness in the "New Variorum" points out that Moth could not have read a book that appeared in 1608. Mr. H. C. Hart in the "Arden edition" says: "Halliwell endeavoured to show that Moth assigned colors to the four 'medical humors.' I think he is merely chattering."

The title of the work cited by Halliwell gives a sufficient clue to one old authority for associating specific colors with the four temperaments. In the "Conservandæ Bonæ Valetudinis Præcepta," or "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum," written about 1100 for Robert, Duke of Normandy, we read (edition by Dr. John Ordronaux, 1870) that a person of the sanguine temperament is "rubei coloris"; of the choleric temperament "crocei coloris"; one of the phlegmatic temperament has "facie color albus," and one of the melancholy temperament is "lutei coloris" (opp. 116-117). By way of summary the poem continues:

Hi sunt humores qui præstant cuique colores.
Omnibus in rebus ex phlegmate fit color albus.
Sanguine fit rubeus; colera rubea quoque rufus.
Corporibus fuscum bilis dat nigra colorem.

Dr. Ordronaux gives (p. 132) an extract from an English translation extant in a MS. dated 1575.

But though the precepts of the school of Salerno afford an early authority for the four complexions, they have nothing to say of the "sea-water green." This apparently comes from the "Kalender of Shepherdes," of which there were numerous editions from 1506 on, listed by Dr. Sommer in his reprint (1892). I quote from Pynson's edition of 1506, as reprinted by Sommer (III, 145-146):

Here foloweth of the foure complexyons. The coleryke . . . of all coloures they loue gray. The sanguyne . . . desyres gownys of hy colowre. The flematyke man

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. . . loueth grene colowre. The malyncoly . . . louythe gownys of black colowre.

The "Kalender" is a translation of the French "Compost et Kalendrier des Bergiers," first published in 1493, whose compiler was apparently acquainted with the "Regimen Sanitatis." Dr. Sommer mentions (i, 96) MS. Sloane 636 as containing a passage on the four complexions similar to that in the "Kalender." Possibly similar passages occur in Caxton's "Governal of Health" and in Elyot's "Castel of Helth," which I have no opportunity of consulting.

It is plain that while Moth is not "scientifically exact," he has some excuse for calling green one of the four complexions, and is justified in referring to the authority of books. The "Kalender" was so frequently reprinted in the sixteenth century that there is at least no great improbability in supposing this to have been the book that Shakespeare had in mind.

W. STRUNK, JR.

Ithaca, N. Y., November 13.

BEAUTIFUL WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the treasure room of the library of Harvard University there are now on view the greetings received from other institutions of learning, on the recent occasion of the inauguration of a new president. These are in the form either of broadsides on vellum, parchment, or paper, or of several sheets more or less permanently enclosed within covers. A few are printed from type, but the majority are the work of the calligrapher's pen, and are decorated with rubricated or illuminated initials, seals, arms, or other devices.

Coming as they do from all parts of this continent, and from several foreign countries, they may perhaps be considered as fairly representative specimens of the present status (in America at least) of the art of writing, and it is to be noted with regret that almost without excepion they exemplify the deplorably low level to which that once beautiful art has fallen.

Most of them, to speak accurately, are not written at all, but consist of careful arrangements of drawn letters, devoid of beauty either in individual characters or in general effect. Some follow German models with such unrestrained exuberance of flourish as to be quite undecipherable. Many are content to reproduce the appearance of the ugly, conventionally engraved, collegiate diploma; still others waver between painful imitations of printed characters and rustic block letters of no recognizable origin; while a number perpetuate the absurd flowing Spencerian hand of our copybook days, frequently in startling combination with the blackest of Old English text.

The decoration, if not always in irreproachable taste, is, as a rule, well executed and frequently delightful in color and arrangement; but the lettering, with few exceptions, is so wholly lacking in coherency and style as to render the term calligraphy, *i. e.*, beautiful writing, a sad misnomer.

Now, there is such a thing as fine writing done in this very decade, and criticism of this present display would be gratuitous did it not call attention to the development of a living modern school of calligraphy among a few men and women in England.

Some little time ago, inspired perhaps by the revived interest in the art of printing, several men turned their attention seriously to the study of fine Italian manuscripts, contemporary with the birth of the newer art in that country. Working quietly for ten years or more and with little heralding of results, they have nevertheless produced in that time numerous addresses, testimonials, and charming little books written in modern adaptations of the beautiful late fifteenth century Roman hand.

These books and addresses are not drawn, but veritably written, and depend largely upon that quality for their beauty. Decoration wherever admitted has been kept properly subordinate to the writing, yet in harmony with it. Several excellent manuals with admirable illustrations of processes and examples have been published, and in England the art of writing seems well on its way to at least a partial restoration to its former eminence among the graphic arts.

It is to be hoped that our calligraphers, both professional and amateur, will speedily familiarize themselves with what is done abroad. It may be thought that in this era of haste the leisurely art of writing, as a minister only to the tastes of the dilettante and wealthy collector, has slight claim to serious consideration. It is perhaps true that the world is too old and too poor to buy beautifully written books, and it is quite true that it is futile to attempt reproducion of their charm by any process of mechanical multiplication; but the prediction might well be made that the perfection of a style of beautiful writing would speedily manifest its influence upon the design of our printing types, and would inevitably result in the development of a school of beautiful printing, as it did in the fifteenth century.

BRUCE ROGERS.

Cambridge, Mass., November 9.

A UNIVERSITY CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot refrain from applauding your criticism of the recent article of President Wilson, embodied in your editorial of October 28. Since graduation, nearly twenty years ago, my associates, business and social, in Pittsburgh, have been, in most part, alumni of our various colleges, and I have been troubled by the very prevalent lack of interest among them in general culture. Their University Club, supposedly composed of the cultured intelligence of the city, is, in large part, a centre for indulgence in games and the pleasures of the table, and is absolutely negligible as an intellectual force in the community. The framed seals of various colleges hanging upon its walls are a sign that it draws its membership exclusively from men holding degrees; but as it exercises no other functions reminiscent of college days than the occasional alumni dinner and "smoker," and the special-wire service for bulletining the scores of the leading intercollegiate football and baseball games in season, it shows that, while the purely social and athletic features of college life survive, the hiatus between it and university culture is no narrow one. And yet the graduates of Princeton predominate in numbers over the representatives of any other institution in this organization. Is there not room for a conscientious belief that the college must bear a part of the responsibility for the existence of such conditions? Has the college training of most of these graduates not been inefficient at some point? To my mind comes the irresistible conclusion that the university is not very far above the trade-school when it fails to invest those whom it sends out from its walls with a lasting zest for culture. If our colleges do not give this permanent inspiration, surely their value and usefulness are sadly crippled; the finer and better elements of life will be neglected, and our society will become wholly industrial and commercial.

Z.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 12.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Swift's dictum about the bees as purveyors of honey and wax, which gave to Matthew Arnold his famous phrase, finds a curiously interesting anticipation in the fourteenth century *Voir Dit* of Guillaume de Machault. The lines, in which the poet addresses his lady, are these:

Trop bien vous puis comparer sanz mesdire
A la mousche qui porte miel et cire.
Le mel est dous et le sur à lui tire
Et l'adoucist, homs nel puet contredire.
. . . Et la cire art
Qui alume le monde, main et tart,
Plus que ne fait du tonnoirre l'espart.

The familiar passage from "The Battle of the Books" is as follows:

Instead of dirt and poison we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

The parallel (which happens to be much closer than that with the phrase from Lucian which Craik notes) is, of course, fortuitous. But one wonders if the two passages may not possibly have a common source.

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES.

Washington Un., St. Louis, Mo., November 12.

GREEN EYES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In one of the oldest and finest versions of the Sleeping Beauty story, contained in the first book of the fourth part of "Florisel de Niquea" (Salamanca, 1551), the Princess Darcaria falls asleep with her attendants at the sound of the harp of her lover Arfiles, and continues so for six years till Prince Rogel comes to rescue them. On seeing the Prince, Don Arfiles says to him: "Do not give her peace (kiss her) to wake her, or you will put me in a state of war." But the prince takes the harp and begins to play, and when Arfiles falls asleep, he kneels before the princess in order to wake her with a kiss. She opens her beautiful green eyes, saying: "Are you going to commit an act of disloyalty?" and falls asleep again.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., November 11.

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Literature.

MODERN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Austria-Hungary. By Geoffrey Drage. With maps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Hungary of To-day. By members of the Hungarian Government, etc. Edited by Percy Alden, M.P.; with numerous illustrations. New York: Brentano's. $3 net.

Time was when English readers in search of information concerning the Hapsburg monarchy turned to the leisurely pages of Coxe's "House of Austria" or the picturesque descriptions of Kohl's "Austria" and Patterson's "The Magyars." Works of this kind have long been superseded by the condensed recitals of Austria's past in the "Stories of the Nations" series and by the more or less accurate glimpses of Austrian "Town and Country Life" given in another uniformly patterned group of volumes. These, in turn, are now making way for handbooks dealing with recent political and economic evolution, with trade statistics taking the place once filled by scenic charms and tales of vanished days. With books of this sort, which reflect the universal interest in the practical questions of to-day, may be classed the two volumes before us. They both claim attention as being written with a serious purpose, by well-informed observers familiar, often at first hand, with actual conditions in Austria-Hungary.

Mr. Drage, who has a long list of official British reports on labor and kindred topics to his credit, has packed into the present volume a large amount of information, such as one expects to find in the "Statesman's Year-Book," together with various historical and political summaries—the whole being presented under the general head of "Austrian Affairs," "Hungarian Affairs," and "Common Affairs." The author's sources of information are, as a rule, well chosen, though one is surprised to see among them the "Historian's History of the World," and to find too much space given to passing newspaper opinions.

The modern method of basing political forecasts on the outcome of economic problems is well illustrated by Mr. Drage's treatment of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria—an event which has seriously disturbed her trade relations with the Balkan States. Both Austria and Hungary, who had formerly commanded the Servian market, selling that kingdom "almost everything, from scientific instruments to rough sacks for holding plums," find their commercial supremacy in that quarter seriously threatened by Servian animosity due to the success of Count Aehrenthal's foreign policy. Trade with Montenegro is endangered by the same cause, and Turkey continues to boycott Austro-Hungarian goods. Thus the seeming triumph of Prince Eugene's dictum of two centuries ago, "Austria's future lies in the East," is jeopardized by purely commercial conditions.

Some of Mr. Drage's facts will prove suggestive to American readers, as, for instance, those relating to the growing power of the Cisleithan chambers of commerce, twenty-nine in number. Their right of initiative in the matter of tariff regulations, international commercial treaties, tax reform, patent and trade-mark bills, etc., may well furnish hints to those of us here who have learned to look hopefully to our own chambers of commerce as almost the sole protection against the vagaries of Congressional legislation. American interests are directly touched upon in the passage on emigration, where Mr. Drage points out—what is so often overlooked in the outcries on this side of the ocean against the swelling tide of Slavs and "Huns"—that the Austrian, and still more the Hungarian day laborer, rarely comes here to stay. His sojourn usually lasts from one to five years, and he returns to his native country quite content with a saving of a few hundred dollars. Of particular interest, too, are Mr. Drage's remarks concerning Austria's commercial schools, the excellence of which is attested by "the fact that the Prussian professors admit the Austrian system to be the best and are copying it."

In his chapter on "Central and Local Government" in Austria, Mr. Drage wisely follows—as he often does—Lowell's "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe." He overemphasizes, however, Lowell's language in his bald statement that "the bureaucracy is practically all-powerful, and there is a great dread of the free expression of opinion; both associations and the press are subjected to severe restriction, while the inquisitorial police vigilantly supervise the conduct of visitors and citizens alike." No one familiar with Austrian conditions will admit that the statement is correct as it stands. Lowell goes into explanatory detail as to the restriction of the press, restraint on the right of association, etc.; yet he is himself in error when he says that in Austria "every man habitually carries about his person an official certificate of his identity and good standing." What Lowell doubtless had in mind, in this statement, is the former need of producing, when called upon, a *Legitimationskarte*, for the purpose of proving one's identity. This emergency rarely arose, and the card itself is now obsolete.

The volume, as a whole, exhibits, in minor matters, and particularly in the transliteration of foreign names, many blemishes. Indeed, the author makes in his preface (forgetting, apparently, that the Hungarian language has no alphabet of its own) this really extraordinary announcement:

> No strict rule has been followed in rendering Slavonic, Magyar, or other foreign names, into English, but the translation (*sic*) which appears likely to be most familiar to English readers has in each case been chosen. Nothing would be gained by transforming the well-known names Wekerle, Goluchowski, and Kossuth, into Vekerly, Goluhofsky, and Koshoot.

Of Mr. Drage's skill in Englishing Slavonic names, "Fadejef" (for the Russian general Fadeyeff), and "Charfarjik" (for the Slavonic scholar, Schafarik), are specimens. More serious slips still are the inclusion of Troppau, the capital of Silesia, in a list of Bohemian towns (p. 540), the allusion to Siebenburgen (*sic*) as though it were not identical with Transylvania (p. 576), and the mention of "Austrian Poland *and* Galicia" (p. 540). On page 563, we read of "the Slovaks, Louis Kossuth . . . and Alexander Petöfi," which is about as correct as it would be to speak of the Celts Gladstone and Lord Byron. There are numerous errors in the spelling of Hungarian towns, "Tiza Ezlar" for Tisza Eszlár—of infamous anti-Semitic memory—being a sample of a frequently recurring mistake. More annoying still is the interlarding of the text with French phrases, borrowed from the books consulted by the author.

Percy Alden's "Hungary of To-day" follows the precedent set by Villari's excellent work on "The Balkan Question," in offering a symposium of various authorities. The volume derives, indeed, a unique distinction from its list of contributors, which includes the principal members of the Wekerle Cabinet. Count Albert Apponyi, Minister of Public Instruction, discusses "The Hungarian Constitution"; Antal Günther, Minister of Justice, "Law and Justice"; Francis Kossuth, Minister of Commerce, "Industrial Labor Legislation"; and the Premier himself, Alexander Wekerle, "Taxation Reform." All these articles are valuable in themselves and testify, in the aggregate, to an amount of solid information and skill in imparting it such as few cabinets anywhere at the present day can boast of. Count Apponyi's contribution, moreover, glows with that patriotic *élan* which, from time immemorial, has characterized the productions of Hungarian publicists. A striking passage reveals not only the fervor of the Hungarian patriot, but the self-restraint of the Minister of the Crown. Count Apponyi thus pictures the attitude of the Magyars during the period of their greatest trial:

> From this time (1825) until 1848 the Constitution works about normally. It is the golden age of our political history, the epoch of our great national renaissance. The institutions were incomplete and badly secured, but great men arose, in whose hands this defective machinery produced wonders: orators, statesmen, economists,

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philosophers, savants, poets, and littérateurs joined hands in communicating to the national life a splendor and vigor it had never known since the days of Matthias Corvinus. This grand epoch ended with the reforms of 1848, which—creating Hungarian democracy—gave to our old Constitution the new strength of Parliamentary forms. But these magnificent results were engulfed in a catastrophe of which I may not relate the details. Be it far from me, the thought of lifting even a corner of the veil which our gracious sovereign and the nation have with one accord cast over the unhappy events of that time.

Not only Hungary, but Cisleithania, it may be added, had her "golden age," while groaning under Francis's paternal despotism, Ferdinand's good-natured incapacity, and Metternich's brutal censorship. If Hungary cherishes the memory of her Count Széchenyi, Baron Eötvös, Vörösmarty, and Arany, Austria points with equal pride to her Count Anton Auersperg ("Anastasius Grün"), Baron Feuchtersleben, Grillparzer, and Lenau. But Count Apponyi is justified in claiming for the Hungarian lower nobility—the "noble democracy," as it has been termed—an undisputed prëemience in its many acts of self-renunciation. It remains to be seen whether it will be willing to part with its remaining privileges, when the extension of the suffrage, now before the Hungarian nation, becomes a burning question.

Percy Alden, the editor of the volume, who is known for his interest in settlement work, contributes an interesting paper on "The State Child," which explains in detail the work of the nation in caring for its neglected children. The whole of Hungary is divided into seventeen districts, in each of which there is a State Children's Refuge. In these asylums there were housed on January 1, 1908, 35,242 children. Each district has a Children's Law Court, concerned not so much, as in England, with the trial of youthful offenders, but with the permanent guardianship of every child. The career of each is followed up by these courts. Not more than about 5 per cent. remain in the refuge; the others are boarded out in specially organized children's colonies, provided with all educational and sanitary appliances. Two hundred and thirty-eight of these village colonies are now in existence. It ought to be added that this state paternalism has had only a beneficial effect on the poor. There is no tendency to hand over children needlessly to the state, and the number of illegitimate births has decreased, as has the death-rate among children cared for by the state, as compared with the mortality among others. Thus, in one of the most important of all social problems, Hungary, in Mr. Alden's language, "leads the way and sets an example to Western nations."

It would be interesting, did space permit, to speak in detail of the equally praiseworthy efforts of the present Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Daranyi, to improve the lot of the small farmer and agricultural laborer. His endeavors have resulted in a system of old-age pensions, in the building of houses for agricultural laborers, in the establishment of about 2,000 reading clubs, and in schools devoted to such special subjects as poultry and bee-keeping, afforestation, dairy farming, wool-sorting, etc. More than 2,000 local coöperative banks, nearly 1,000 coöperative stores, and 700 coöperative dairies afford unusual credit and purchasing facilities. Of Prof. Zsolt Beöthy's article on "The Intellectual Life of Hungary," which betrays a somewhat strained effort to conceal the barrenness of modern Hungarian literature, as compared with the glories of the past, we can only say that it exalts the prosy "Tragedy of Man" of the dramatist Madách as having "ascended the highest heights of poetic philosophy." A chapter on "Hungarian Music," by Julius Káldy, modestly informs the world that "recently Julius Káldy, with his works . . . has aroused much enthusiasm."

The accuracy of the volume in the matter of Hungarian accents and other respects (the Danube is spoken of as the largest river in Europe) is not all that might be desired, and, as in so many books on Hungarian subjects, the average foreign reader is puzzled by the Magyar names of places which are much better known by other appellations. Few Austrians even recognize Strigonia as Gran, Kassa as Kaschau, and Szabadka as Maria-Theresiopel. The numerous illustrations, with the exception of the half-tone portraits of the members of the Wekerle Cabinet, do not add much to the interest of Mr. Alden's volume.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Reaping. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The diary-tale continues to hold its own as a popular variant from the narrative form of fiction. You open the book with some misgiving, perhaps. What if it should turn out to be nothing but a real diary, a record of thoughts and happenings as crudely arranged by nature, without sequence or ending? The first pages of "A Reaping" have an ominous look. Reflections on the foibles of the amateur invalid, on the mystical function of the musical conductor, on silence, record-making, lovers by the Serpentine, motor-bus antics, and what-not: one saving hint alone in connection with a dinner-neighbor from whom you feel that you are to hear again shortly. It is enough: you are reassured. There is meaning in the entrance of the dinner-lady; this is no mooning diarist you have to deal with, but a story-teller who knows what he is about. Presently you are rewarded by presentation to the other persons: Helen, the wife of the pseudo-diarist, and a youth known as "Legs." Helen is a bride of a few years, lovely and lovable, childless thus far, but wistful of motherhood. "Legs" is just out of the university and on the edge of the diplomatic service, a first cousin of the Helen's husband. He is "a fanatic on the subject of life," the embodiment of young ardor, a most engaging and real person. The story connected with these people is, after all, reducible to very small terms. The dinner-lady dies (as it is known that she must from the outset), "Legs" sees her ghost, and he himself dies within the year. Not very long after his death Helen becomes a mother. These are the outward events; but the chief thing, after all, is the inward experience of the young pair after the death of "Legs"—a peculiarly Bensonian experience. This Mr. Benson differs in many ways from his brothers, the priest and the don, but he has in common with them an immense curiosity as to the phenomena of death.

The Oath of Allegiance. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Jonathan and David. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is always a little hard to speak of the fresh work of a veteran and inveterate story-teller like Mrs. Phelps Ward. In her case, the task is especially difficult for the commentator of middle age, who recalls her with some tenderness as a light unto a favorite path of his sentimental youth. What if Miss Alcott were still writing of her little women, her "roses in bloom"? Would it now seem to us who grow old that her later work was inferior, while the real fault lay with ourselves? Mrs. Ward is a dozen years younger than Miss Alcott would be if she were alive now; but her fiction belongs to the same school, and, we may fairly say, to the same period of unabashed sensibility. How long ago was it that a Miss Phelps of Andover was making us cry with her "Gates Ajar"? No doubt, she is still making people cry. Her method has not changed, any more than Bret Harte's changed; her later product is more nearly equal to her earlier than his was. The chief difference, perhaps, lies in the ranking quality of her audience. The most enlightened class of readers no longer inclines, if it has tears, to shed them over the obvious. Woe as a luxury has gone down in the social scale.

These later stories are not without their modern touches. Similes are built upon the "X-ray" and the aeroplane. But the material, with its little touches of modern dress, is the old material. There is always the appeal to sympathy from weakness: the pathos of childhood,

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maidenhood, spinsterhood, senility, caninity. Two of the stories in "The Oath of Allegiance" volume, however, "His Soul to Keep" and "A Sacrament," are of fresher and deeper quality. The title story represents Mrs. Ward's sentiment at its most strained.

"Jonathan and David," a short story, printed by itself, as a holiday booklet, is the tale of an indigent old gentleman and his utterly impossible dog. It should be greeted with enthusiasm by admirers of "Loveliness."

Northern Lights. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

If the reader is at first inclined to attribute the mediocrity of these tales to the slackening hand of a writer to whom his art has ceased to be a first object, or to the careless hand of a writer grown too sure of his audience, a second glance will probably suggest another reason. They bear the ear-marks of 'prentice work. They play stiffly upon the strings of popular sentiment; they exhibit the life of the frontier in its obvious aspects, and especially as offering a rugged scene for the enforcement of the familiar lessons of love, duty, sacrifice, and valor which form the respectable stock in trade of the magazine romancer. In short, it seems pretty clear that Sir Gilbert has been persuaded to exhume these specimens of his early work for commercial reasons.

The "Note" prefixed to the volume does not, to be sure, suggest such a possibility. It merely announces that the tales belong in substance to "two different epochs in the life of the Far West"—the period before and the period after the entrance of the Canadian Northwest by the railroads and the Mounted Police. The implication would be that the book might be supposed to offer some sort of original commentary upon life in the Northwest during those periods. As a matter of fact, the substance of the tales is commonplace. They are pretty good stories, and touched with local color: pioneers freeze their feet on long solitary journeys—Indians starve in their winter camps—the brave pioneer girl is everywhere in evidence as the rescuer of the derelict pioneer man—the reprieve of the hero wrongfully condemned comes just in time. The stories are not dull, they are as good as the ordinary specimen of their *genre*. The honest tribute we can offer their creator is our surprise and disappointment that they are in no way better than that.

Other People's Houses. By E. B. Dewing. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is an acute study—acute at times to the point of painfulness—of a phase of life especially aggressive in our own time, but peculiar to no single period. The looker-on at life, the dweller in other people's houses, is a familiar figure both in fiction and in fact. It is possible, however, to wear the rue with a difference, and the author has chosen to strike the despondent chord rather than to emphasize the note of high courage to which the melody of these incomplete lives is so often keyed. For this very reason, it may be, Emily Stedman is not quite convincing, in spite of the abundance of personal detail which, according to long precedent, is supposed to endow a character with vital force. The story deals with parti-colored skeins of affection, much tangled; in the endeavor to imbue the reader's mind with the atmosphere of the tale, the writer has obtained an excessive effect of confusion. The scene shifts so rapidly that one's mental vision is left with that sense of blurred weariness produced in the physical by a cinematograph. This, however, may be the result of literary immaturity, as there is an underlying power in the book that definitely conveys a promise of better things.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

Historical Evidence. By the Rev. H. B. George, M.A., Fellow of New College. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

When in 1860 Charles Kingsley was inaugurated professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge, he delivered an address upon the limits of exact science as applied to history. Instead of formulating the principles governing the use of historical evidence, he defended in vague and grand epithets the action of moral law and spiritual agencies in the world of human life. It is a far cry from the defensive attitude of the famous preacher and lecturer in 1860 to the historian's calm acceptance to-day of the scientific approach, and it is a noteworthy fact that it was Buckle, a representative of the group that Kingsley so vigorously attacked, who popularized belief in the possibility of applying scientific treatment to historical problems. In truth, scientific criticism, like science itself, is deemed no longer hostile to religious belief, and this truism finds ample support in the fact that the work here under review, which is our most recent exposition of scientific historical criticism, is written by a clergyman of the Church of England.

Criticism as applied to historical sources of information is as old as Petrarch, but the raising of such criticism to the rank of a scientific pursuit is a very modern matter. No general treatise on the subject was published until 1889, and even to-day there is no manual in English that deals in a comprehensive way with all classes of historical knowledge. The present work is, therefore, doubly welcome, for it not only supplies an adequate statement of the leading principles governing the treatment of evidence, but it is presented with so much sanity and good judgment as to commend itself heartily to any one concerned with the writing of history. Its author is a veteran, well known for more works than one, and notably for a treatise on the relations of geography and history and for an authoritative account of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. As a clear, well-balanced statement of the scope and limitations of criticism as applied to historical evidence, it has no superior; in its moderation and freedom from exaggerated pretensions, it will serve as a corrective of some modern notions regarding the attainment of scientific certainty in historical knowledge.

To the author, as to many another competent historian, historical criticism is nothing more than common sense systematically and logically applied. But it is the common sense of the trained scholar, not that of the man in the street. The instinct for wise and sound criticism is born of wide knowledge and tried experience. It is true that some men are born critics, as were Julien Havet in France and Prof. E. G. Bourne in this country; but the majority of men have the necessity of criticism thrust upon them. To those who become critics by training, such a work as this will be indispensable, and in the hands of the beginner it is bound to exercise a profound influence. Every prospective doctor of philosophy in history should ponder it well. Within its field the range is a broad one. The author first defines evidence in law, science, and history, and determines wherein historical evidence differs from legal evidence and from that available for the exact sciences. He then considers the various sources of historical information, the nature of historical narratives, the defects of historical writers, the characteristics of documents not narrative, and the value of indirect sources—physical, geographical, archæological, and the like. He closes with chapters on probability, on special sources of error, and on certain rules governing historical generalizations.

Mr. George furnishes, however, no categorical canons, such as may be found in Rhomberg's series of historical axioms. In general, he avoids sharp distinctions and subtle analyses such as characterize the German treatises. This absence of precise formulæ gives to the work a certain inarticulate character which to some scholars may seem a defect. To the present reviewer this want of precision seems one of the best features of the book, for historical evidence cannot be marshalled under rules that operate like the axioms in geometry. Mr. George has handled each subject with caution and his views stand in striking contrast with the assertions, often extreme and unwarranted, to be found in the "Etudes Historiques" of Langlois and Seignobos. We can recom-

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mend his manual as the best possible guide for the nascent historian, whether professional or amateur, and even historians of an older growth may profit by its perusal.

The White Stone. By Anatole France. Translation by Charles E. Roche. New York: John Lane Co. $2.

Like several other of M. France's books, "The White Stone" is an attempt to produce something charming as romance, veracious as history, and more philosophical than either. Obviously composed on the spur of a half-dozen different impulses, it is intended as a whole to illustrate two theses: the one, the deciduousness of civilizations; the other, the impossibility of predicting what the future will bring forth. The loose connection of its parts betrays the author's characteristic indolence and a certain ennui or disdain of the rigor of literary forms and conventions. It begins with the light archæological ruminations of a group of Frenchmen trifling with ashy urns and crumbling skeletons as they sit toward evening among the disinterred ruins of the Roman Forum. At a suggestion from the master of the excavations, Nicole Langelier, a transparent disguise for Anatole France, pulls out his manuscript and reads his story of Gallio, pro-consul of Achaia under the Emperor Claudius. This story takes the form of a protracted conversation in which Gallio and his friends are made to speak for the various opinions held by enlightened men upon the religious and philosophical topics of their day. The point of the piece—the utter inability of these cultivated Romans to foresee the successor of Jupiter—is artfully brought out by representing the trial of a repulsive fanatic called Paul and the stoning of a wretch called Stephen as disagreeable but entirely insignificant interruptions—insignificant even to the children hard by who, "weary of pursuing Stephanas, were playing at knuckle bones by the roadside." The reading of the story concluded, Langelier and his companions discuss its historical accuracy, incidentally revealing the fact that their own ideas have much more in common with those of Gallio than with those of Stephen and Paul. Over a good dinner, the talk of the Frenchmen drifts leisurely along through philosophy and religion to politics and the Japanese-Russian war and on into the future, which is imaginatively surveyed in a Utopian tale of the federation of the world through the triumph of the socialists. But, mindful of the fatuity of Gallio's circle, M. France discreetly names this tale "Through the Horn or the Ivory Gate."

A brief introduction informing the reader, among other things, that "The White Stone" was published in its original form ("Sur la Pierre Blanche") in 1905, that it shows in some measure the influence of a sojourn in the tents of the socialists, that a portion of its comment on the Eastern situation was delivered before a great concourse of socialists in 1904—such an introduction would contribute to the interest and comprehension of the reader who is making his acquaintance with Anatole France through the medium of the translated works, of which this is a part. It must be said, furthermore, that Mr. Roche's translation suffers by comparison with—we will not mention the original, but other volumes in this edition. Apparently attempting to be very literal, he rather frequently misses not merely the subtlety but even the simplicity of the French, and makes his English harsh upon the tongue. Fancy, for example, M. France misplacing two words in a sentence like this: "Alone the religion which only tolerates itself, cannot be endured," or "Alone are the Jews ignorant of the providence of the gods." Another error twice repeated is the use of "similar" for "like," *e. g.*, "a Jupiter whose head of hair, similar to the flower of the hyacinth, drops uncrowned——." Sometimes the rendering is naïve like a college freshman's—for instance, "the *ancient one*" (p. 78) for "the *old fellow*" or "the old codger." Sometimes rare or archaic words—"agrestic," "spumous," "wot"—destroy the harmony of the style. There are even a few peculiar spellings—the French form "Zenon" for "Zeno," "forgerer" for "forger," "androginous" for "androgynous," and "delimitated" for "delimited." It is not thus that one should treat a classic.

Round the Lake Country. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Canon Rawnsley conforms here strictly to the title of his book. He offers a group of twelve papers on places which lie just outside the region of the English Lakes. He carries the reader down the Cumberland coast from St. Bees to Cartmel in Lancashire, and again from Penrith to Bampton, northeast of the high fells. If, as Wordsworth figured them, in his "Guide to the Lakes," the vales be regarded as spokes of a wheel, the hub being a peak, long ago worn down by erosion, between Scafell and Helvellyn, Canon Rawnsley in these sketches has traversed about half the tire. He has done well in calling attention to the great antiquarian wealth of the narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea. But he does not always succeed in making the adventures of his British and Saxon saints as real to the reader as they evidently are to him. And his explanation of the Gosforth Cross and the so-called Beowulf Stone as Christian applications of pagan mythology is anything but convincing.

He is happier in the vivid picture of a Westmoreland horse-fair of to-day, and in the story of Hogarth's uncle, the local satirist of Troutbeck, or, again, where he retells, largely in her own stout words, the tale of the Countess Anne, a seventeenth-century worthy.

After all, what would rune-stones and pre-Norman crosses amount to, if they could be deciphered to everybody's satisfaction? The interesting thing is that they exist in that corner of England where almost every old place-name speaks of the Norsemen. In Roman camps and roads, Druid circles, Saxon assembly mounds, dateless barrows, and equally mysterious church customs, such as the rush-bearing, but especially in local words of Norse origin, the region described by Canon Rawnsley is very rich. Though of less value, no doubt, than his "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," this book should be pleasant reading for leisurely folk who like to go on imaginary journeys, maps in hand.

Notes.

"Time's Laughing-Stocks, and Other Poems" is the title of a volume of verse by Thomas Hardy, to be published through the Macmillan Co.

Prof. Albert Feuillerat's monograph on John Lyly is announced for issue early in 1910, through the Cambridge University Press. The same scholar's edition of the complete works of Sidney, also to be published by the Cambridge Press, will soon make its appearance, the first volume being promised for Easter.

T. Fisher Unwin (London) is publishing, in "Life in an English Village," by Maud F. Davies, a study of the country parish which may be likened to Mr. Rowntree's "Poverty"—the study of the working classes in York. The population of a scattered Wiltshire village of 800 inhabitants is analyzed, and tabulated under such headings as occupations, earnings, incomes, and character. The social, economic, and domestic habits of the people are observed, and an attempt is made to trace their migrations for four generations.

Contemporary interest in Lord Byron is not confined to English writers, it should seem. In France has just appeared, besides Albert du Bois's drama, "L'Aristocrate," of which the poet is the hero, a popular biography by Mme. A. Séché and J. Bertrant, in which Byron's memory is defended against the slanders of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Grolier Club is celebrating the bicentenary of the birth of Samuel Johnson by an exhibition of one hundred and seventy-five portraits of him, and a remarkable collection of first editions. Some of the volumes came from his own library, others bear the author's presentation inscriptions. There is, too, the original manuscript of Mme. Piozzi's "Anecdotes of

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the Late Samuel Johnson," opened at a page on which is given the following interesting explanation of the great doctor's big words:

His mind was so comprehensive that no language but that he used would have expressed its contents, and so ponderous was his language that sentiments less lofty and less solid than his were would have been encumbered, not adorned, by it. Mr. Johnson was not intentionally, however, a pompous converser, and though he was accused of using big words, as they are called, it was only when little ones would not express his meaning as clearly, or when perhaps the elevation of the thought would have been disgraced by a dress less superb.

The great dictionary, a copy of which Becky Sharp so rudely spurned, lies open at "pension," with its famous definition of "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent." Among the portraits of Johnson shown are engravings from the many painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and there is a mezzotint of "Bozzie"; but a number of Johnson's friends whom we would have liked to meet, notably Beauclerk, Goldsmith, the Piozzis, and Fanny Burney, are absent.

Another posthumous writing of Francis Thompson is to be offered by Burns & Oates (London) in his "Life of St. Ignatius Loyola." The book will be abundantly illustrated.

The Manchester University Press announces for early issue a series of studies by Dr. Phoebe Sheavyn, called "The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age," dealing with the conditions of authorship under Elizabeth and James I, and the possibility of earning a livelihood by literary work during that period.

Hard upon the publication of his "Last Poems," Charles Scribner's Sons announce the early issue of a volume of "Poems Written in Early Youth," by George Meredith.

Dr. James Morris Whiton is the author of "Interludes: In a Time of Change—Ethical, Social, and Theological," a restatement of old theological positions. The book will be issued through Thos. Whittaker.

A new volume of essays by J. Brierley will be published by the same house under the title, "Aspects of the Spiritual."

Prof. E. D. Fite of Yale has written a study of "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North During the Civil War," which is announced for early publication by the Macmillan Co.

On Houghton Mifflin Co.'s list of books for immediate publication, we note a holiday edition of Henry James's "Italian Hours," with thirty-two full-page illustrations in color by Joseph Pennell; "Warriors of Old Japan, and Other Stories," by Yei Osaki, illustrated by Japanese artists and with a sketch of the author's life by Mrs. Hugh Frazer, and John W. Foster's "Diplomatic Memoirs," in two octavo volumes.

Economic essays submitted in competition for the prizes of $2,000 offered by Hart, Schaffner & Marx should be addressed to Prof. James Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago before June 1, 1910.

The first volume of Aylmer Maude's biography of Tolstoy, issued by Messrs. Constable, dealt with the first fifty years of the Russian's life; the second volume, promised for the coming winter, will bring the record down to the present day. Mr. Maude is at present visiting the subject of his biography in Russia; and the Countess Tolstoy is reading the Life carefully before publication to ensure accuracy.

Harry Whitney, who has spent two years hunting in the Arctic regions, and who has accompanied both Dr. Cook and Commander Peary in their travels, is to tell his experiences in the Northland in a book which we hope will appear before all our interest in these matters is dissipated. His collection of photographs is said to be one of the best ever brought out of the Far North.

An association styled "les Amis de Balzac" has been formed in Paris, to buy the house in which the novelist died, and in which he lived for the last six or seven years of his life. With the annual subscriptions paid into the society's treasury by members, the house has been rented, and a museum is now being arranged, containing souvenirs of Balzac. The house is a one-storied building, with a garden, situated in a quiet, somewhat unfrequented quarter of the capital.

A year ago (November 5, 1908) we published an exhaustive estimate of the poetry of Eugene Lee-Hamilton, and now we have only to record the publication (Duffield) in beautiful form, with ten additional sonnets, of the sonnet sequence in memory of his daughter. "Mimma Bella" seems to us to rank with the more important English elegies. Until now it has been accessible, in greatly abridged form, only in the *Fortnightly Review*. The present edition has a portrait of the author and a brief biographical introduction by his widow. We will enrich the page with one of these fine sonnets, the eighth:

Where Mimma lies, some nameless children sleep,
Whose graves in the obliterating grass
Sink slowly, as the empty seasons pass,
And look like waves on Time's slow-heaving deep.

No tears, no flowers; save when spring-clouds weep
Upon them, or the breeze with faint "Alas!"
Brings them stray petals from the flowery mass
Upon some grave that Love and Sorrow keep.

Who were they? No one knows. But theirs this wreath
Of fourteen berries, that a stranger brings
With blossoms for his child that sleeps beneath.

For Life, their names are faint forgotten things;
But now within the larger book of Death,
Their names are written with the names of kings.

Miss Constance Hill has taken as her own the anecdotal history of Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, and the other literary ladies of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and her books, with the charming illustrations from the sketches of Miss Ellen G. Hill, have been among the pleasantest of the kind in recent years. Now she makes a volume out of "Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Buonaparte and Bourbon" (John Lane & Co.). The title is taken from the chapters which tell of Miss Edgeworth's visits to Paris in the shifting days of empire and monarchy, but the story is by no means confined to France. London also comes into view, with glimpses of Mrs. Barbauld, Joanna Baillie, the Miss Berrys, and other twinkling lights, chiefly feminine. Miss Hill draws on letters preserved by the Edgeworth family and hitherto unpublished, but the interest of her work is due to her sprightliness more than to any novelty of material. The book is scarcely as entertaining as her "Juniper Hall" and "House in St. Martin's Street," owing to the fact that the unity of place in those earlier volumes kept her from that scattering of effects which is always the temptation of the anecdotal writer.

"Scenes from Every Land," second series, is a collection of 250 pictures, most of which have appeared in the *National Geographic Magazine* during the past few years. They give vivid impressions of human and animal life in savage and semi-civilized countries and of some wonderful mountain scenery. The most interesting, linking ancient with modern times, shows the inauguration of the Damascus to Mecca Railway at Tebuk by sacrificing sheep. A bibliography of recent books of travel in English has been added by the editor, Gilbert H. Grosvenor. (Washington, D. C.: National Geographic Society.)

"Monte Cristo" is not our favorite among the Dumas novels, but it belongs, no doubt, in the Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.), where it has been preceded by "The Black Tulip," "Marguerite de Valois," and the Musketeer romances. The "Monte Cristo" is here squeezed into two volumes, of between five and six hundred pages each. This means that the paper used is far from opaque. There is the same general criticism to pass upon Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," similarly published in two volumes; though here it is not the thinness so much as the mere inferiority of the paper which is to be complained of. Thomas Seccombe contributes a short introduction to the first of these volumes. It is a pleasure to note that other additions to this really excellent series of reprints are above criticism of the kind applicable to the Dumas and Prescott. Thus the page of "The Bayard of India: A Life of General Sir James Outram," by Capt. Lionel J. Trotter, is a pleasing one; although, of course, the economy which is a prominent consideration in this series narrows the margins somewhat more than would be desirable were economy to be left out of account. India seems to be a favorite subject nowadays with the Everyman publishers; they are reprinting also George Smith's "William Carey: Shoemaker and Missionary"—the biography of "the first of her own children of the Reformation whom England sent forth as a missionary to India."

The Messrs. Dutton advertise, also, that two courses of systematic reading, founded on the texts which they publish in this library, and prepared by H. W. Mabie, are now ready, while others are to be announced at an early date. The first of these courses is described as "The Heart of Everyman's Library," and is based on a selection of books which, to quote Mr. Mabie, "contain the richest substance of thought and feeling, the deepest experience, and the most radiant vitality interpreted and expressed by the most original and penetrating artistic genius." The other course, "Books of Pleasant Reading," concerns itself with a shorter list. One learns, too, that the diverting introductions contributed by Mr. Chesterton to the Everyman's Dickens are to be collected and published in a single volume.

Professor Gildersleeve's University of Virginia lectures, "Hellas and Hesperia: or the Vitality of Greek Studies in America" (Holt), inevitably suggest comparison

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with Professor Butcher's "Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects" and the late Sir Richard Jebb's Turnbull lectures on Greek poetry at Johns Hopkins. It is disappointing to find that they do not stand the comparison. They consist chiefly of personal reminiscences, and of desultory remarks upon anything within or without the field of Greek studies. It is interesting, of course, to learn that Professor Gildersleeve is responsible for the term "bolometer," which he created at the request of the late Professor Langley, and for the suggestion of "aërodrome," which he found in Lucian. Even so, and notwithstanding the fact that these discourses are enlivened by the lecturer's jests upon grammarians, by his exposure of translators' inadequacy, and by his not too profound comparison of the Greek and the American character, they seem, on the whole, hardly to present the "fresh aspect" of the subject which the terms of the foundation lead the reader to look for; nor do they possess as a series the unity that under these terms would entitle them to publication in book form. This criticism Professor Gildersleeve anticipates, but does not disarm.

The character and career of the Emperor Akbar the Great have excited the interest and admiration of more than one English writer on East India. Fuller, however, than the accounts of him given by Sir M. H. Elliot, in his "History of India," or by Stanley Lane-Poole in "Mediæval India," is the biography by the professor of Indology in the University of Tübingen, Dr. Richard Garbe, under the title: "Kaiser Akbar von Indien: Ein Lebens- und Kulturbild aus dem sechszehnten Jahrhundert" (Leipzig: Hassel). Professor Garbe's small volume contains a faithful record of the life of this enlightened ruler.

"The Jena Campaign," by Col. Maude (The Macmillan Co.), is an unusual book that should attract readers from a wider circle than the special students of military history to whom it is addressed. For Jena, as the author rightly holds, marks the point at which the French Revolution imposed on Europe the theory of the loosely trained armed nation, which at the present day lies, with other factors, at the back of the Pacifist movement. But was Europe right? Did not the Prussian battalions really demonstrate that the small army of highly trained long-service soldiers is superior to the loosely trained mass? That is the author's thesis; and without forcing us to agree with his extreme conclusions, he proves the case, as have most of his predecessors from Klausewitz to de Bonnal, that it was only in the higher command that the Prussians really failed. While disagreeing with many of the author's historical generalizations, and with a few of his details, we can praise his volume highly for its grasp of the military facts, and for its suggestiveness. The only serious criticism to which he is open on his subject proper is that he does not ascribe to the movements of St. Hilaire nearly enough importance.

The Hartford Theological Seminary celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary last May, and in recognition of the event the trustees directed the preparation of a volume on "Recent Christian Progress," to consist of essays in all departments of Christian thought and work by men connected in one way or another with the institution. The book contains over fifty chapters in the various fields of Christian theology, biblical criticism, church work, and missions. As a whole, it evidences the important services rendered by the graduates of the seminary. Professor Lewis Bayles Paton is the editor. (The Macmillan Co.)

A new addition to that magnificent *Sammelwerk* entitled "Die Kultur der Gegenwart, ihre Entwicklung und ihre Ziele," edited by Prof. Paul Hinneberg and published by B. G. Teubner of Leipzig and Berlin (price, 14 marks), is a solid tome of nearly six hundred pages, entitled "Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie," and is probably the most comprehensive work of the kind in existence. It is the joint product of eight authoritative savants. The introduction, dealing with the beginnings of philosophy and the philosophy of the primitive peoples, is from the pen of Prof. Wilhelm Wündt. Part i, "Die Indische Philosophie," is the work of Prof. Hermann Oldenberg; Part ii, "Islamic and Jewish Philosophy," by Ignaz Goldziher, discusses the influence of this thought on the scholastic writers of the Middle Ages; Part iii, "The Philosophy of China," by Dr. Wilhelm Grube, contains an unusual amount of new and hitherto inaccessible matter; Part iv, "The Philosophy of Japan," by Tetsujiro Inouye, can naturally claim unusual interest; Part v, discussing the philosophy of the Europe of antiquity, is by Dr. Hans von Arnim; Part vi, which treats of European philosophy in the Middle Ages, is by Prof. Clemens Bäumker, and the seventh and final part is a discussion of modern philosophy by Dr. Wilhelm Winderbrand. Each part is subdivided into four or more heads, and has a bibliography. It would be hard to get more solid information and suggestive data to the square inch than is found in this new history of philosophy.

A new edition of the "Tristan und Isolde" of Gottfried von Strassburg, prepared by Wilhelm Hertz, has just been issued by J. G. Cotta of Stuttgart. It is critical and carefully edited, with a *Nachwort* by Friedrich von der Leyen.

Few long articles fall within the nineteenth volume of Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexicon, from "Sternberg" to "Vestor." The longest is the one on the Turkish empire, which here falls a victim to the slow process of encyclopædia making and appears as still an absolute monarchy with its history brought up to only 1906. The wild animal trade (*Tierhandel*) receives brief but interesting comment. Robert Louis Stevenson is credited with the authorship of "The Treasure Island," but "Kidnapped" is omitted. Richard Strauss is sharply set down as lacking the melodic gift. Burial (*Totenbestattung*) carries a number of rather uncommon illustrations. There is an error in the short notice on the London *Times*. That journal is now under the management, not of Mr. C. A. Pearson, but of one of the Walters. "Tunnels" has a sketch map of New York's subterranean network, but not all our river tubes are shown. In the list of high towers (*Turm*) we miss the Singer tower, which should come in second place after the Eiffel, the Metropolitan's aspiring minaret being too new for inclusion.

Science.

Snake Venoms. By Dr. Hideyo Noguchi. Publication No. 111. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

Dr. Noguchi, whose studies were begun under Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, but completed at the Rockefeller Institute in New York under Dr. Flexner, now embodies his researches in an elaborate monograph of over 300 pages, with many illustrations in sepia and in colors. Although he makes special reference to the phenomena of the venom itself, yet his field is really much broader. The first fifty pages are devoted to a descriptive and systematic morphological and a distributional account of the poisonous snakes of the world, more than 300 forms being enumerated, followed by a description of the poison apparatus. In a short chapter on the phylogeny of poisonous snakes, Dr. Noguchi states that the poison gland was probably the first of the specialized structures to appear, while the elaborate, erectile, grooved fangs were of later development. The poison gland "is equivalent to, if not identical with, the parotid of the mammalia." The remainder of the work is given up to a consideration of the venom itself. We find chapters on its physical and chemical properties; symptoms of venom poisoning in man and in lower animals; and on the organism as a whole and upon specific organs and tissues, this latter subject being more fully treated than any other.

There follow chapters on artificial and natural immunity, with a most interesting but altogether technical discussion of antivenins. The final and thirtieth chapter is headed Treatment of Snake Bites. Here we have a careful review of the various so-called antidotes with a scientific testing of their value. The author concludes that ammonia and alcohol are absolutely harmful in critical cases, their only value being where the person was not fatally bitten. Sucking the wound is entirely useless. The treatment advocated is to ligature the bitten part at once with a tourniquet of cloth or rubber, and to inject locally a one per cent. solution of potassium permanganate. If an antivenin is at hand, injections should be made both intravenously and locally. These serums are now prepared at institutions in India, Australia, Brazil, Tokio, and at the Rockefeller Institute in New York. When the amount of venom introduced into the bite is very large, nothing avails to prevent death, but the above treatment proves efficient in the great majority of what otherwise would prove fatal cases.

The monograph ends with a bibliography of about 400 titles, and a well-made index. The lack of summaries in

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the various chapters is a drawback to easy reference. In these days of vast output of scientific treatises, when one man can hardly cover the field even of his chosen specialty, such a lack is most annoying. In every case, where several hundred facts are stated concerning some character or characteristic of the venom, there should be a brief summing up of the knowledge which these facts give.

A dispatch from Vienna states that the Austrian government will place upon the market a portion of the 154 grains of radium chloride, produced by the St. Joachimthal (Bohemia) plant. After the Vienna hospitals and scientific institutions have been supplied, free of cost, the remainder is to be offered for sale at $75,000 per gramme.

Prof. S. W. Williston of the department of palæontology at the University of Chicago has unearthed fossils or skeletons of reptiles and mammalia attributed to the hardly imaginable period of fifteen million years ago. An expedition of the Chicago institution commenced the excavations which led to these discoveries, last summer, in northwestern Texas, north of the Wichita River. Animal forms deposited in the clay as far back as the Palæozoic Age were here uncovered. The skeletons of the animals that died in what was then a river delta became covered with mud and detritus which, century after century, increased in depth. Later, the surface of the earth in this region underwent an upheaval; and this was followed by the triturating effects of winds and rains, which finally brought the surface of the earth down again to the point at which these bodies lay. Minute work is now being given by Professor Williston and his assistants to the placing together and the reconstruction of amphibia of which science has heretofore had no knowledge, but which prove connecting links between the classification of species heretofore established.

The Anglo-Egyptian government of the Sudan, realizing that it is impossible to educate and govern a people without a knowledge of their customs, ideals, unwritten laws and usages, has determined to make an anthropological survey of the country. Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Seligmann, who have just completed a similar work in Ceylon, have been chosen to conduct these investigations, and leave England this month for the Sudan. Their first work will be with the Dinkas and Shilluks in the Upper Nile Province, and then probably they will study the Nubas of Southern Kordofan. An anthropometrical survey is also contemplated.

George W. Hill of Columbia University has received the Copley medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, for researches in astronomy. In 1887 a gold medal was awarded to him by the same society, and he also received the Damoiseau prize of the Paris Académie des Sciences for researches in celestial mechanics.

The death of Dr. C. Gottsche, director of the Hamburg Geological Institute, is announced.

Dr. Theodore Ruggles Tinby, inventor of the revolving turret used on the Monitor in the civil war, died November 9 in Brooklyn, at the age of ninety-one years. He was the author of "Beyond," "Stellar Worlds," "Lighted Lore for Gentle Folk," and the inventor of the floating dry dock (1836), the American turbine water-wheel or motor (1844), and of the first commercially portable 33-inch mercurial barometer (1857). From 1861 to 1891 he frequently patented devices for coast defence, and his seems to have been the first wholly practicable method for raising sunken vessels (1841).

John R. Moffitt, inventor of the modern threshing machine (1851), died at Denver, Colorado, November 15, aged eighty-four years.

Drama.

"The Cottage in the Air," the modern comedy by Edward Knoblauch, which was the second production of the New Theatre, proved to be an adaptation of "Priscilla's Fortnight," a tale by the Baroness von Arnin, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." It describes the escapade of a minor German princess, who, rather than marry the princely husband prescribed by parental authority, makes a secret flight to England in the company of her old tutor—an amiable idealist who has expatiated to her upon the hollow mockeries of royal pomp and the joys of a simple, free, and altruistic life. She hopes to rusticate, incognita, in some village Eden and find true happiness in ministering to the poor. She discovers her ideal spot and proceeds to play the part of lady bountiful with disastrous results. By her indiscreet benefactions she quickly demoralizes the whole laboring community, and hopelessly antagonizes the local dignitaries, represented chiefly by a feeble parson and his formidable wife. Moreover, she soon becomes the object of most uncharitable suspicion, and—after her ready money has all gone—the helpless victim of infuriated creditors. Even the chivalrous but somewhat foolish young squire, who has gallantly offered her his heart and hand, doubts her honesty when she says that her position will not permit her to accept his offer. Broken-hearted at the utter failure of her experiment she is compelled to confess the truth to the lad's mother, who accords her sympathy, but insists that her conduct has been wholly inconsiderate and selfish. So it comes to pass that the poor princess, disillusioned and humiliated, is glad to welcome her affinanced prince—who is really very fond of her and has tracked her to her retreat—and willingly consents to assume the royal and matrimonial yoke which she had sought to avoid.

This pretty little old-fashioned fairy story, although it undoubtedly contains elements of popularity, is somewhat unsubstantial dramatic stuff to occupy so prominent a place in the New Theatre programme. But it furnishes agreeable entertainment, is wholesome, fairly interesting—though by no means absorbing—and is not deficient in either humor, albeit of a conventional order, or characterization. Many of the personages are cleverly and truly drawn, the adapter having executed his task with nice discretion. The sketch of the bibulous, blustering, and dunderheaded Grand Duke is capital and was vitally personified by Mr. Louis Calvert. Admirable, too, is the study of the tenderhearted and scholarly old idealist, Herr Fritzing, the princess's tutor, very well played by Albert Bruning. The princess, also, is an attractive and living piece of womanhood, in whose portrayal Miss Olive Wyndham was only partly successful. She failed to realize the embarrassment of royalty in utterly strange conditions, and so missed many humorous opportunities. All the English types are veracious and were notably well acted. Mrs. Sol Smith enacted a hypocritical old pauper with skilful realism and unexaggerated humor, while Mr. Cecil Yapp and Miss Beverly Sitgreaves presented the parson and his wife in convincing fashion. Miss Rose Coghlan, as a kindly woman of the world, gave life and color to a conventional sketch by her finished and authoritative style, and Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk played her simple, impressionable son with his usual neatness and intelligence. Considered as a whole, the representation was distinctly good in its smoothness and level excellence, while the stage management was admirable. The achievement, in short, though in no way specially remarkable, was altogether creditable to the new organization, which is evidently well equipped for the lighter forms of comedy, however deficient it may be in some of the requirements of poetic tragedy. A test of its capacity in the stronger forms of modern drama will be afforded in its forthcoming presentation of Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife." It is far too soon yet to attempt any forecast of the possibilities of its future, but it may be said confidently that its second experiment supplies firmer ground for hopeful expectation than did its first.

England is to retain its censor of plays, though the reports do not make it clear whether the judicious Mr. Redford is to wield powers unshorn or whether the absolute prohibition of a play is to be replaced by a warning from the censor that police prosecution may follow its production. At the same time, music-halls, now exempt, are to be placed under the authority of the censor. This is a peculiar result of the campaign waged for the suppression of the censorship. Under that system, it was argued, serious plays of the realistic sort came under the ban, while the indecencies of the vaudeville stage flourished unchecked. The Parliamentary investigating committee, after taking a good deal of testimony, seems to have gravely decided that, yes, the music-hall does enjoy greater liberty than the legitimate stage, so we had better put music-halls, too, under the man with the blue pencil. The testimony given before the committee by England's most eminent men of letters was by no means so hostile to the censorship as we have been led to imagine. The necessity of a change in the present system most of the witnesses insisted upon. The censor's decisions were arbitrary and erratic, and it was hinted that Mr. Redford, for all his estimable qualities as a gentleman, was in the matter of literary equipment only so-so. But it also appeared that some sort of licensing system for the theatre was called for by public opinion, and the agile

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Mr. Chesterton went so far as to say he should not object to the Municipal Council passing on the eligibility of a play.

The late John Davidson left a written request that all persons happening to possess copies of certain plays and adaptations of his making should destroy them, and that these pieces should never be produced; the titles of the plays being as follows: "Queen Fiammetta," "The Children of the King," "Fanny Le Grand," "Phèdre," "Lancelot," "The Game of Life."

R. L. Stevenson's story, "The Suicide Club," which has been produced with grisly effect at the Grand-Guignol in Paris, under the title "Les Nuits du Hampton's Club," and was acted by that company on its English tour of season before last, is in process of dramatization for English production by Seymour Hicks.

The London Afternoon Theatre began its season at His Majesty's Theatre on November 11. A two-act opera by Joseph Holbrooke, with a libretto by W. E. Grogan, "Pierrot and Pierrette," was produced, as also J. M. Synge's Irish comedy, "The Tinker's Wedding."

M. Antoine promises for production at the Odéon this season a dramatization of "David Copperfield," by Max Maurey. Other pieces announced are an adaptation by André de Lorde, from Guy de Maupassant; an historical play by Maurice Donnay of the Academy; "Parrain," a four-act play by Pierre Veber; "L'Impasse," a five-act piece by Emile and Philippe Moreau; "L'Ornière," by Charles Desfontaines, and "Reines de rois," by Léon Hennique and Johannes Gravier.

Music.

OPERATIC EXTENSION

Beginning last Monday, and continuing five months, New York will have fifteen or sixteen operatic performances a week. Not many years ago one company singing five times a week was found quite enough, sometimes more than enough. When Oscar Hammerstein built the Manhattan Opera House there were few who believed that he would be able to hold his own for even one season against the millionaires who control the Metropolitan Opera House. Last week he entered his fourth season with brighter prospects than ever. Some of his achievements have even had their influence on the production of opera abroad, and they have done much toward stimulating that general interest in opera throughout this country which is one of the most notable phenomena of the day.

Observers of musical conditions in this country have long considered it anomalous that, whereas in Italy, Germany, and France every large city has a long opera season, nearly always by a local company, American cities, including some numbering over a million inhabitants, have hitherto been content to take their annual allowance of opera in a festival lasting a week or two, during which so much is offered that the feast degenerates into a gorge. As many music-lovers persistently refused to patronize such performances, the impression was created that the American public, outside of the metropolis, which is semi-foreign, did not care for grand opera. Obviously, there was something wrong about this conclusion. Is not opera everywhere more popular than concerts and do not concerts flourish surprisingly in American cities? The great European artists come over here for their most abundant harvests; the operatic prima-donnas earn even more by giving recitals than they do at the Metropolitan and Manhattan; and a number of cities, among them Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, St. Paul, Milwaukee, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Seattle, have permanent orchestras of their own. Is it not a foregone conclusion that opera, because of its more direct appeal not only to the masses but to those who have most money to spend, will flourish in our cities if homes are built for it and local companies installed?

Philadelphia always seemed to have as much opera as it cared for while it got one performance a week from our Metropolitan singers. When Mr. Hammerstein built his opera house in that city, those who believed he was doing an unwise thing were again in the majority, but they were mistaken. The appetite for opera grows as it is catered to. Two weeks ago the Philadelphia season was opened by the performance of the same opera—"Aïda"—by both the New York companies; and both the houses were filled to their capacity. In its dependence on borrowed companies, Philadelphia is behind Boston, which has achieved the distinction of having an opera house and a company of its own—our only non-metropolitan city, if we except New Orleans with its French company, of which this can be said. The eagerness with which Boston took up the project of having a real opera house and home-made opera is indeed quite amazing. Although it was understood from the beginning that more reliance would be placed on good ensemble than on the engagement of "stars," all of the boxes and the parquet seats were taken for three seasons before the first had begun! To satisfy the demand Mr. Russell actually had to enlarge his scheme by adding Thursday and Saturday to the opera nights. Besides its fifteen weeks of home-made opera, Boston will also have two weeks of German opera by our Metropolitan artists and two by the French and Italian singers at the Manhattan, so that her season will fall only a week short of ours.

Details regarding their scheme of operatic expansion have been furnished recently by MM. Gatti-Casazza and Dippel. The Boston company is affiliated with our Metropolitan, which lent Mmes. Nordica and Homer for the opening night and will help on other occasions, getting the occasional services of Boston singers in return. This is only one of many arms which the Broadway octopus is stretching out in all directions. Another one takes in Atlanta, the inhabitants of which, though numbering only 150,000, have engaged the Metropolitan forces for a whole week next May. The guarantee called for was subscribed in one day and a completely equipped stage is to be made ready. St. Louis, which formerly did not seem to care for opera, has begged to be included in the next spring tour. Baltimore is to be favored with a series of weekly performances instead of a festival. In Chicago Mr. Dippel has rescued the Auditorium from the low level to which it had sunk, and it is to be once more the home of grand opera. Seidl, Nordica, De Reszke, and the other Grau artists used to look forward to the Chicago visits on account of the Auditorium's excellent acoustic qualities, which are now duplicated in Boston's new opera house.

It is Mr. Dippel's intention gradually to take all our leading cities into his circuit, and thus to extend the opera season from five months to nine. Chicago is to have its own company, affiliated, like that of Boston, with the Broadway house; and other cities, it is expected, will soon follow these examples. But the most extraordinary aspect of this policy of extension is the inclusion of Paris, which is to be visited next spring for a series of Italian evenings which, with Caruso, cannot fail to be successful. Nor can there be any doubt as to the outcome of the German nights to be given there the following year, for the Parisians, though they are Wagner enthusiasts, have seldom if ever heard his works as well given as they are here. Mr. Hammerstein also has engaged a Parisian theatre for a series of French performances. He will not be carrying coals to Newcastle, but simply cause the best Parisian singers, nearly all of whom he has, to return for a visit to the scene of their former triumphs.

It is because our American managers have corralled nearly all of the world's greatest artists that they can thus enlarge their plans to international dimensions. Various advantages will result, so far as America is concerned. Heretofore American students have been compelled to go abroad because, in Germany and Italy alone there are a sufficient number of opera houses to offer them a start. As our own buildings multiply, this will no longer be necessary. American composers are more likely to get the encouragement they deserve; and as for foreign composers, they are already looking to America as the best

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place for producing novelties, because we have the best singers. Puccini is writing his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," for the Metropolitan, and Humperdinck will soon cross the Atlantic to let us enjoy his "Children of the King" before even the Germans have heard it. New York is destined to become, operatically, what Paris was in the days of Meyerbeer.

Quite unexpectedly, in view of rumors that had been circulated, the acoustic properties of the New Theatre proved to be not only tolerable, but exceptionally good for operatic performances. The test was made on Tuesday night with Massenet's "Werther." The strings and woodwind had a delicious sound, while the brass actually came out too loud in some places. Two previous attempts are on record to float this opera, but they were made in the Metropolitan, the vast spaces of which proved fatal to its delicate charms, even though the cast included Jean de Reszke and Emma Eames. In the New Theatre, the opera is sung by Geraldine Farrar, who presents some lovely pictures in it; the popular French tenor, M. Clément; beside Miss Gluck and M. Dinh Gilly, all of whom made successful débuts. "Werther" has at last found its proper surroundings, and, judging by its reception, it is likely to succeed at last.

In the days of Hans von Bülow the Russian music of the period was regarded as the limit of the allowable in the matter of dissonance and general defiance of the conventional. The trouble with those composers was that they had little to offer besides dissonance and defiance, and so their works have been consigned to oblivion. The men who survived were the melodists, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, whom the cacophonists scorned. At the present day no composer is more prominent in Russia than Sergei Vassilievich Rachmaninoff, who made his New York début on Saturday afternoon by playing his second pianoforte concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is well known that Brahms owed the beginning of his fame to the Hungarian dances he had arranged and published. Rachmaninoff, similarly, might have remained unknown to the general public had it not been for a prelude which became a "best seller," and, strange to say, deserved all the vogue it got, for it is good music. His concerto had been played here before more than once, but he showed that there is more in it than had previously been suspected. It is a pleasure to add that he is not a cacophonist; Russia has apparently recovered from that disease.

From Rome we learn of the presentation, at no remote date, of the new operetta by Ruggiero Leoncavallo, which is called "Malbrouk," and the libretto of which is by Maurice Vaucaire. The opera will be offered this season to the German as well as to the Italian public. Its subject is allegorical, and it is said that the hero has nothing in common with the Malbrouk of the old French song. Signor Leoncavallo's Marlborough is derived, rather, from Boccaccio, and from such analyses of the piece as are available, one gathers the impression that the new opera is of the merriest.

Ludwig Schytter, the Danish composer, has died in Vienna, his place of residence in recent years, in his sixtieth year. His songs and compositions for pianoforte number about 110, and he wrote also a one-act opera, "Hero" (1898), and a comic opera.

News comes of the death of Nicolo Spinelli, winner of the second prize in the Sonzogno competition of 1890, when Mascagni won the first with "Cavalleria Rusticana." A later opera, "A Basso Porto," has been successfully produced in Italy, as also in Germany and at London.

Art.

THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM.

On Monday the Boston Museum of Fine Arts opened its new building to the public. It is the first structure of the sort that has taken into account the remoter growth of the collections it houses, and it is, as well, the first museum that makes a logical division between display and storage of its treasures. Though it has two and a half times the floor area of the abandoned building in Copley Square, it is still but a scant half of the greater museum that it is to be. The façade expresses clearly the double function suggested above. A well-lighted lower story is largely given up to administration, study rooms, and objects in storage exhibition; the higher upper story is devoted to exhibition galleries containing the objects of most general value and appeal.

This scheme has imposed difficult conditions upon the architect, Guy Lowell, and his advisory committee, Messrs. E. M. Wheelwright, D. Despradelle, and R. G. Sturgis. It was a question of a front 500 feet long with a height of only some forty feet. The trustees had determined to avoid that excessive height which, affording monumental opportunities to the architect of a museum, imposes in bad lighting and ill-proportioned gallery walls, a permanent discomfort upon the visitor. The lower story also must be generously pierced for light, and could not serve merely as a base. The architect frankly accepted the situation and carried the second-story windows down to the string moulding by brackets—or one might say a false balcony—thus making the lower windows a kind of sash for the more ornate upper opening and thereby gaining, with a vertical motive, a sense of height. Again, the squatness of the front is dissimulated by bringing the wings forward 120 feet towards Huntington Avenue, and providing both them and the central entrance with slender Ionic porticos. By proper landscape gardening of the vast forecourt thus inclosed—and this, naturally, will take time—the building will gain in seclusion and dignity.

It has seemed well to go rather fully into this matter of plan, because on no other basis can the merits of the building be appreciated. The design is absolutely a structural one, being directed throughout by the inner requirements. Great ingenuity has been shown in drawing architectural profit from the cramping conditions. What is even more remarkable in the whole thing is the fidelity with which the architect has applied his science and taste to the essential matter in hand. He has caught the spirit of the Museum, and has expressed it for all time. When one thinks of the specious libraries that are put up irrespective of the service they must render, of museums that belittle and crush the beautiful objects they contain, one is tempted to require a monument for Mr. Guy Lowell and his associates.

One enters by a massive staircase in three flights to reach the elliptical rotunda, which eventually will be the distributing centre of the pile. At the front of the staircase well is the reference library and collection of photographs, approaching which one may look into the balconied courts which contain the casts. Later these facsimiles will have a hall of their own, and the courts will be used for originals. Turning to the right at the head of the steps, one passes two small galleries and reaches the great hall devoted to the Egyptian collections. The walls, as generally in the museum, are of plaster carefully glazed, and very lively in effect. The remarkable Mastaba tombs with painted reliefs, which have been long in storage, are now set up entire and divide the early from the middle period. They supply a broad record of Egyptian life. Hunting, warfare, commerce, the handicrafts—all are represented. The wooden images and limestone reliefs exemplifying the earlier dynasties are famous. These are set up with abundant space, and fragments of two colossal statues in alabaster have been added. Probably nothing in America so completely expresses the gravity of this early style.

Passing to the left from the Hall of Late Egyptian Art one may make the round of five halls in the east wing, beginning with archaic Greek and finishing with Greco-Roman art. Again the walls are treated in grayish roughcast subtly toned. In this department the advantages of an elastic and humane system of exhibition appear conspicuously. The aim has been to give an anthology of classic art century by century, and nothing has been omitted that could add to the veracity and interest of the picture, nothing omitted that is merely repetitious and tedious. Thus the archaic room, which contains the famous Assos reliefs and a fragmentary funeral slab, really gains its effect from a splendid vase of the type of Douris, and even more from a central case containing a small group of those austere little bronzes which represented the so-called

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Dædalan style at its best. Most museums would have kept the vase and the bronzes in their respective departments, and the result would have been to impoverish the archaic display.

The next hall, that of the fifth century, contains a lovely and magnificent marble relief of Eros Weighing Souls, which has been opportunely bought to give lustre to the reopening of the museum. It is a work of such transcendent beauty and importance that it seems better to return to it soon, rather than to interrupt the itinerary. In this hall again a splendid red-figured vase with scenes from the Trojan war is a valuable adjunct to the major exhibits. Passing two halls of marbles, we reach the fourth century, where terra-cotta figurines come to the front as the marbles become scarcer. In the next hall, that of Hellenistic art, mirrors, embossed tops of toilet boxes, are welcome exhibits.

Thus gallery by gallery the components change, and the balance of interest shifts now to this now to that class of objects, while the epitome of each century remains fairly complete and satisfactory. Evidently the only way to display the art of a period is to take it as a humane product, ignoring the arbitrary segregations that scholars have justifiably made for their convenience. The critics of the Renaissance had the true sense of this unity of the arts when they insisted that all were included under the general category of design (*disegno*). This idea has inspired those who arranged the classical department of this museum. So successfully have they displayed the material at their command that it seems to us that nowhere, outside Greece itself, except in the British Museum, can Greek art be studied more advantageously, or, saving the Terme Museum at Rome, seen more enjoyably.

And now for the finest of new acquisitions: In the marble throne with reliefs representing Eros (Thanatos? Hermes?) weighing two souls before two seated goddesses, the museum has acquired one of the most precious remnants of Greek sculpture at its best. That this is not too much to say will be plain when it is added that this relief is evidently the companion-piece of the famous Ludovisi throne at Rome, and that it is in every way in better preservation. That one is the pendant of the other is shown by the marble, the nature of the cutting, the dimensions, and even more by the correspondence of the subjects. And first, neither is properly called a throne. The inner surfaces where the seat should be, are roughly hewn, show no traces of facing, and evidently were not meant to be seen. The finish of the edges again suggests that the two pieces were either imbedded in masonry or served as the crown of a monument at a level above the eye. One may surmise that they were the gable ends of a small shrine, and separated by a small space of plain masonry. The Ludovisi relief, it will be recalled, shows in the gabled back Venus rising from the sea (some archæologists say rather Persephone rising from or sinking to the Lower World), attended by two nymphs, now headless, who draw a mantle about the lovely torso of the deity. The corresponding panel at Boston displays a nude winged figure holding a balance in the pans of which are two athletic figures in miniature. As the beam tips, the seated figure at the left raises her hand in sorrow at the fatal lot, while the other figure sits motionless in contentment. The arm of the balance has disappeared. It was mortised into tenons, the size of which shows that the scales were entirely of marble. At the corners are fine volutes surrounded by a honeysuckle finial. This beautiful feature is missing from the Roman piece.

The interpretation of these two main reliefs will doubtless exercise archæologists for years to come. Only the alternative seems plain that if the Roman example is indeed an Aphrodite, then the weigher of souls should be Eros, while on the theory that the goddess is Persephone, the winged judge should be Hermes, or possibly Thanatos —Death himself. The little figures in the balance, executed in freest low relief, are of utmost delicacy and beauty. To find their like one must go to the high Renaissance or to Rodin. The rhomboidal sides of the Boston piece are again of extraordinary interest. At the right a graceful youth wholly nude sits on a doubled cushion and plays the lyre. He faced the entrancing nude figure of a piping maiden in the Ludovisi throne. At the left a short-haired crone sits with hands on knees holding what seems to be the remnant of a staff. She faced the draped figure of a priestess putting incense upon a slender brazier. The head of the old woman has an extraordinary intensity of expression. One would imagine it a portrait. And were it detached from the body, only the marble would warn the admirer that this was not a drastic portrait head by some transitional sculptor of the late Middle Ages, say, a Christoforo Romano. It reveals the genius of Greece in a new phase. The draperies and the feet have that especial delicacy and precision which we find only at the moment when an archaic art is nearing its classic consummation. The museum is to be congratulated, not merely on securing one of the loveliest examples of Greek sculpture, but also on owning a masterpiece, the quality of which, representing a transient and seldom recurring perfection, is even rarer than that of the so-called golden ages.

From the classical wing, the visitor would naturally go back either by the central corridor or the narrower passageway that skirts the Egyptian hall, to the picture galleries. But since the pictures are in provisional quarters, and are in the main arranged as they were in the old museum, the hurried pilgrim naturally reserves them for a more convenient occasion. Instead, one may pass through three side-lighted halls, to the right of the main corridor on entering, which are devoted to the art of the eighteenth and the seventeenth centuries and to that of the Renaissance. Thus one reaches a large top-lighted gallery, hung with tapestries, and, beyond to the right, a smaller hall, containing objects of Near Eastern make, chiefly Persian. Pottery and textiles constitute the bulk of this exhibition, but there is much fine metal work, and a lustred bowl with a figure design, exquisitely executed, rightly holds the centre of the room. It represents Persian draughtsmanship at its perfection and should be inspected with the reverent attention one gives to the illuminated page of a splendid mediæval manuscript.

One approaches the west wing and the art of the Far East through a corridor set with cases of Chinese pottery and porcelain, with larger pieces on pedestals between. Here is a grateful change from the too common precedent of continuous cases. And here appears a finesse consistently carried out in this section: all the woodwork of the cases and the trim of the hall is in unvarnished wood, with Japanese profiles. The aim has been not to reproduce any special form, but simply to avoid the disturbing presence of forms with Western associations. In the first hall, dedicated to Japanese sculpture, this simple principle of congruity has been enlarged upon, it may seem unhappily. Not that there is anything inherently amiss with the columned sanctuary with interlacing wood vaulting that R. A. Cram has designed for these Buddhas and lesser adepts of "The Way." In fact, they look very stately in their intercolumnar spaces. It is just such a setting as an amateur of taste might contrive for his treasures, and this may seem both its eulogy and condemnation. It smacks of amateurism. It puts the setting in competition with the jewels, and, worse yet, it puts in an unfairly anticlimactical light the simple walls that follow. As for the bronze and wooden images, they are already famous. In the old museum most of them occupied a similar, but much less ornate, hall. All styles from Shinto sculpture, antedating the Buddhist era, to the splendid decline of the sixteenth century, are represented. What is remarkable is the severity and intelligence of the workmanship. Only the very finest Western sculpture approaches it. Look at the three-headed god that guards the exit. By the sparsest indications, the bony form and the drag of the muscles is suggested. Every touch of

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the chisel and drawing knife has counted tremendously. Here is a minimum of work, with a maximum of vision and directing intelligence.

Within the nine halls of the Far Eastern wing is a balcony simply carpentered in Japanese style, with fine temple carvings let into the rail, which looks down upon a sanded garden where in four square pools grow lotos and papyrus. A bronze Buddha, with some dull gilt about him, takes in the scene in sleepy approval. One or two gray stone lanterns rise from the silvery sand. This is not a museum feature. It is rather an oasis provided for the wearied visitor, where he may halt and, freeing himself of the bustling associations of every day, let a little of the mysterious calm of the sacred East fill his harassed consciousness. The end of our visit is peace.

But it is not quite the end. Questions intrude. Where are many of the objects we used to see in the old buildings? How has the princely space we note in most halls—by no means in all; some are still overcrowded—been gained? The answer is found downstairs. There are kept the collections that are perplexingly big and various for the average man. Here is the extraordinary Morse collection of Japanese pottery, representing the makes of half the villages of Nippon. Here is the print collection with a roomy exhibition gallery. Here the bulk of the textiles, one of the most notable collections, is kept at the disposal of every student. Similarly, the Greek vases and terra-cottas are here in exhibition storage. The student, or, indeed, the merely curious visitor, may see and study all these things in quiet with the aid of the curators and working libraries. And the principle that has created this building now appears plainly. The more beautiful things, those that have a civilizing value for every man, have been shown with generous space, so that they may tell; while the archæological objects—those that concern chiefly the professional student, have been brought into a more compact and isolated arrangement which is far more convenient for the investigator than the condition prevailing in true exhibition halls. We have, as has been said, two museums in one, but this duality does not imply disagreement. On the contrary, there will be a constant give and take between the galleries and the storerooms. Variety will be secured by changing the exhibitions as anniversaries or other current motive may dictate. As finer objects are purchased, others, to make space, will pass into storage.

In what has just been written possibly the future development of this museum has obscured the present reality. This building is part of a larger whole. The dual tendency is embodied at present only partially, and, one may presume, experimentally. That it will commend itself, no one can doubt. To-day this museum is one of the easiest to see. One can hardly recall another instance where so large a sum of pleasure may be had at so little tribute of fatigue. Of this accomplishment, the trustees, the staff, and the city of Boston may well be proud. It would not be surprising if the principles here partially but most promisingly exemplified, should serve as a goal towards which all art museums —and others for that matter—professing public service, must ultimately strive.

M.

The 105th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is announced for January 23-March 20, inclusive.

Arthur Hayden is preparing a biography of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous English potter. The Wedgewood family have placed at the biographer's disposal their private store of material.

We have spoken a word of enthusiasm concerning the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition of Dutch masters, and its wonderful Rembrandts, and, in our last issue, of the youthful Pourtalès portrait shown at Scott & Fowles's. Through a most opportune exhibition of his etchings at the Keppel galleries one is enabled to learn still more of his art, and of his character scarcely less. Here one may study Rembrandt the master of religious subjects, as it has been impossible to do at the Hudson-Fulton show. And this Keppel collection is rich, no less, in his etched landscapes.

Whistler is always interesting, whether good, bad, or indifferent, and in the exhibition of his lithographs now on view at the Wünderlich galleries he is almost invariably good. It was not until 1878 that he was induced to try lithography, and when he did use the greasy pencil it was characteristic of the man to strike out an original line. In two or three litho-tints, made with washes of ink on the stone and an occasional use of chalk, he does not appear to have been so happy, such pictures as the Nocturne, Limehouse, and Early Morning looking like wash drawings of no particular merit. But in some of the figures of women Whistler was at his best. A study of one in classical dress, with her left arm resting on a wall, the right touching a line that suggests an amphora, is exquisite in its grace; the Dancing Girl, the Draped Figure, Seated, the Model Draping, the Girl Reading, The Winged Hat, and La Jolie New Yorkaise are all delightful, delicate studies of charming womanhood.

Frédéric-Charles Vernon has been elected to the Académie des Beaux-Arts in place of the late M. Chaplain, the medallist. The new academician is a pupil of his predecessor, and has received several medals for his work, as also, in 1887, the Prix de Rome.

François Gruyer, a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts and curator of the Musée Condé, has died at Chantilly, as he was entering upon his eighty-fifth year. A pupil of the Ecole des Arts et Manufactures, his first professional post was lecturer in chemistry at the Institut Agronomique of Versailles. Later, however, he abandoned science for the fine arts, and from 1857 to 1868 he published no fewer than seven volumes on Raphael's frescoes of the Vatican, and on his Virgins. In 1874 he published his "Raphaël peintre de portraits." Other works in the field of art criticism and of the history of art followed, and many periodical essays. The writer was named in 1872 inspector-general; later, member of the *conseil superieur* for the fine arts; finally, *conservateur de la peinture* at the Louvre. His election to the Académie des Beaux-Arts took place in 1875.

Finance.

BANK STATEMENTS WHICH MISLEAD.

In 1905, a Stock Exchange speculation much like that of the past two months was raging, and New York bank reserves were repeatedly drawn down close to the minimum legal ratio to deposits. A violent advance in the money rate to 7 and 8 per cent. showed the relation between supply and demand of credit, as a result of the Wall Street operations. Nevertheless, the loans of the New York Associated Banks, between September 2 and October 21, 1905, as shown by the weekly statements, actually decreased $110,000,000. Even Wall Street was incredulous over these returns. The president of one of the largest banks in New York city, addressing in November of that year his associates at the Clearing House, made this plain assertion:

> We all know that the present bank statement is a farce, so far as it conveys any idea of banking conditions. It is partial, it is half the truth, and unworthy of quotation as an indication of the trend of business in our line.

With the opening of the autumn season in 1909, an even bolder Stock Exchange speculation was under way. Its known demands on credit were prodigious, and, as in 1905, those demands became largest in September and October. Yet the loans of the New York Associated Banks, reported in their weekly statements, were reduced from $1,350,000,000 at the opening of September to $1,231,000,000 in the middle of October —an apparent loan contraction of $119,000,000 in the very face of rapidly increasing demands from the Stock Exchange, and of expanding requirements for credit in the active autumn trade.

This time, the loans were not "shifted" to the trust companies, as it was commonly supposed they were in 1905. The new law of 1908, requiring a 15 per cent. cash reserve by such institutions, and the rule established by the new banking superintendent that the trust companies should make regular weekly statements, prevented that. In the six weeks in which the banks were reducing loans $119,000,000, the trust companies also had reduced their loan account

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$20,000,000. Recourse to European lenders explained a good part of the mystery; it was when this hidden "shifting process" was most actively at work, and speculation rioting most violently on the Stock Exchange, that the Bank of England came into the London market, put up its interest rate aggressively, and took measures to blockade the London money market against the Wall Street speculators.

This recourse, then, apparently fell down. Last week, moreover, the usual heavy drafts on their New York deposits by interior banks set in. New York exchange at Chicago fell to the point where currency could be drawn; $6,000,000 went out in the week from New York to the West. Loans were known to have increased in the New York market as a whole. The surplus reserve of the Associated Banks, which had fallen to the very low margin of $4,400,000 the week before, was apparently destined to be replaced by a deficit below the 25 per cent. ratio to deposits required by law. Last Saturday's bank statement was accordingly awaited with the keenest interest. When it was published, it reported a loan reduction of no less than $39,000,000, and an actual increase of $6,300,000 in the surplus reserve.

Now, a strong bank statement is traditionally reassuring; but an ostensible report of strength and improvement, at a time when every one knows that the credit situation has not improved, is scarcely so gratifying a result. It means in this case, as it did in November and October, that rather than reduce or liquidate an unduly extended speculative position on the Stock Exchange, new sources of borrowing have been found to keep the fire burning. Probably these new sources are out-of-town institutions which should be using their funds at home, but which were induced to put them out by last week's 6 per cent. bid on the Stock Exchange. Whether this is a salutary process, is the real question at issue.

The general situation, in a financial way, is fortunately strong. The New York banks have managed, by one means or another, to get through the season, thus far, without a deficit in reserves. They have, however, not been able to avoid one confession which has always, in the past, betokened a strain on local credit facilities. For loans to exceed deposits, at the Associated Banks, is a very rare occurrence. From September, 1893, to October, 1902, the phenomenon was never witnessed. It happened for a week or two in the autumn money strain of 1900 and 1903; occurred a few times in 1905; was witnessed, after the middle of February, in every week of the year of gravely unsettled money markets, 1906, and came once more in the panic of 1907. After the early weeks of January, 1908, it was not seen again until the 30th of last month, when the excess of loans was $2,500,000. The excess rose to $7,100,000 the ensuing week, and to $14,200,000 last Saturday.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aicard, J. The Diverting Adventures of Maurin. Translated from the French by A. Allison. Lane. $1.50.

Allinson, A. The Days of the Directoire. Lane. $5 net.

Anecdota Oxoniensia. Texts, Documents, and Extracts chiefly from Manuscripts in the Bodleian and other Oxford Libraries. Aryan Series—Part ix; Classical Series—Part xi. 2 vols. Frowde.

Askew, A. and C. Testimony. Lane Co. $1.50.

Aspinwall, A. Can You Believe Me Stories. Dutton.

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